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CELEBRATE HIS LEGACY

These limited-edition bottles commemorate the 100th birthday of Norman "Sailor Jerry" Collins, the father of old-school tattooing. Born January 14th in 1911, Sailor Jerry was an innovator and a true independent spirit whose revered work remains timeless as does the rum that bears his signature.

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- ★ 1 part Sailor Jerry Rum
- ★ 2 parts cola

Serve in a highball or rocks glass over ice. Garnish with a lime wedge.



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- ★ splash of fresh lime juice
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- ★ ginger beer

Build in a highball or rocks glass over ice. Garnish with a lime wedge. Top with ginger beer.



SHAVE & A HAIRCUT

- ★ 1 part Sailor Jerry Rum
- ★ 2 parts cola
- ★ 3 parts stout

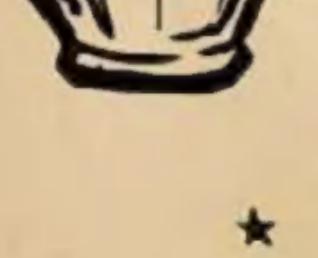
Combine the rum and cola and top off with the stout. Serve in a highball glass.



GROG

- ★ 1 part Sailor Jerry Rum
- ★ 1 part orange juice
- ★ 2 parts light beer

Serve in a beer mug or pint glass.



COMMEMORATIVE BOTTLES

3 COLLECTIBLE ★LABELS!★

★MERMAIDS★



This is a classic piece of Sailor Jerry flash, unmatched in its attention to detail. (Check all the rigging. They're correct down to the last sheet bend.) Consisting of a

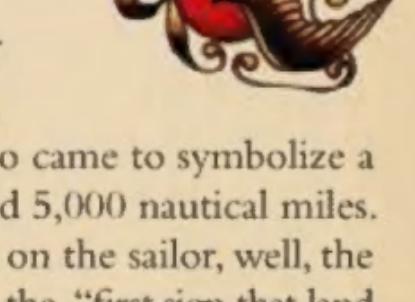
schooner ship—usually a memento of a successful trip around Cape Horn—surrounded by two sweetheart-style mermaids and balanced by two flags, this design harkens back to a time when “ships were made of wood and the men were made of iron!”



SPARROWS★

“Sparrows on his chest,
Anchors on his arm.

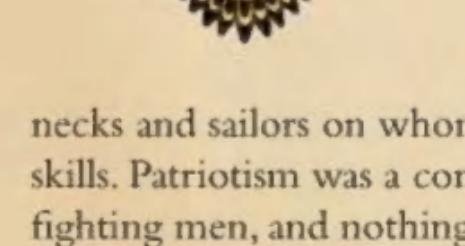
Hold your drink close in hand,
This sailor knows no harm.”



Originally the mark of choice for mutineers,

the swallow tattoo came to symbolize a seaman that had traveled 5,000 nautical miles. The more the sparrows on the sailor, well, the more the miles. Seen as the “first sign that land is near,” this little bird was a good luck charm usually tattooed on a sailor’s chest.

★EAGLE★



Plying his trade in the rough and tumble world of Hotel Street in Honolulu, Sailor Jerry had a steady stream of rough-

necks and sailors on whom to hone his tattoo skills. Patriotism was a common theme for these fighting men, and nothing symbolized this more than an image of a bald eagle along with a proud shield. Amuletic in nature, these designs served to foster strength and power into the hearts and minds of men ready for war.

* THE ORIGINAL *

SAILOR JERRY®
SPICED RUM
92 PROOF



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On the cover: photo by WARWICK SAINT; stylist: JOSHUA SETH at opusbeauty.com; hair: SEAN MIKEL for frédéric fekkai at starworksartists.com; makeup: GARRET GERVAIS for dior beauty at opusbeauty.com; retouching: ANTHONY MORROW; location: SMASHBOX STUDIOS, culver city, ca. B.Tempt'd underwear; Roberto Coin bracelet.

2011

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Inked

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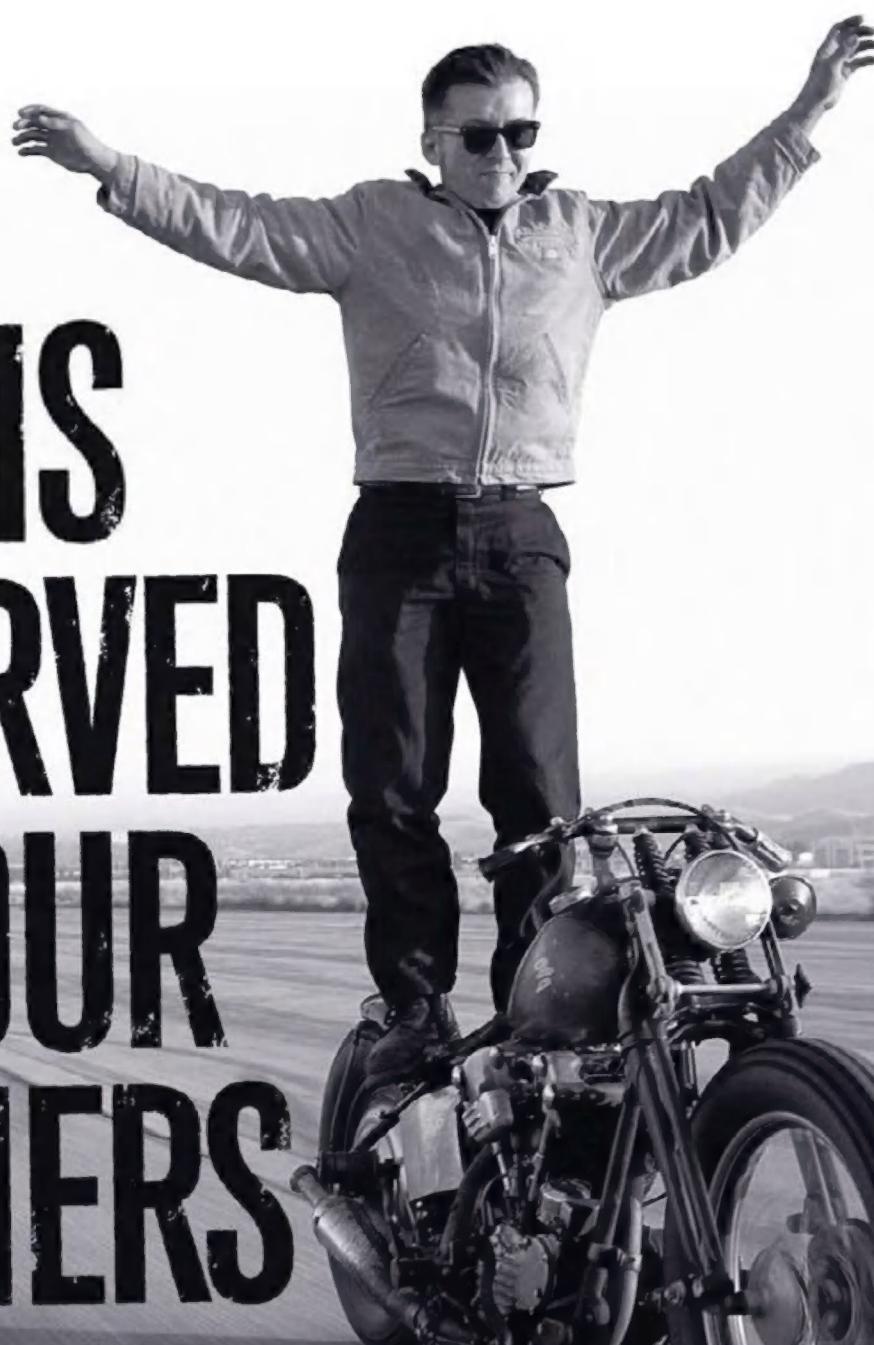
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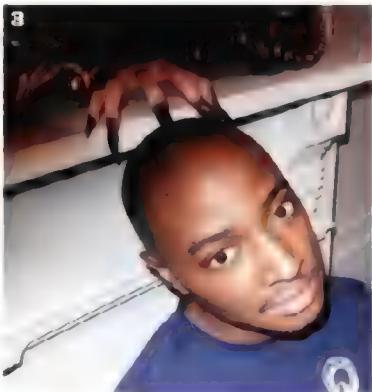
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ink well



Sex receives a lot of strong reactions, and hopefully at least a phone call the day after. But tattoos get a lot of strong reactions too. And since this isn't a prudish publication, we're using the following pages to have a healthy discourse about one of the most fundamentally important aspects of being a human being.

For a litmus test on sexuality among the INKED crowd, we conducted the first-ever sex survey focused solely on tattooed Americans. Kareem Black (3) illustrates the poll with his photographs and also spent the day with us antiquing with Social Distortion. Yes, you heard me right: Social D took us to haggle over vintage watches, license plates, and ventriloquist dummies. Tattoo artist Oliver Peck also tipped us off to his favorite secondhand shop in Zac Clark's (4) article on Dallas, this year's Super Bowl city. Trevor Paulhus (9) shot the Big D's *Top Chef*, Tre Wilcox, for a profile. Over on the West Coast, Tom Medvedich (2) captured our Icon, Baba Austin, tagging, and on the other side of the country Melanie Rud (6) profiled INKED Girl and New Yorker Meredith Devine.

But back to the sex. Evan Seinfeld and his porn star girlfriend, Lupe Fuentes, re-created the famous John and Yoko photo for Emily Shur (10). In the corresponding Q&A, Seinfeld reveals even more to Bryan Reesman. Ellen Stagg (5) took her camera and cocktail waitress Melony into the champagne room at Scores. Photographer Corporate Vampire captured Brooke Banner and Andy San Dimas for their tales of auto erotica. During another shoot, INKED model Ana Stone (1) suggested that Tiffany Frasier (7) profile her professor Melissa Febos—a writer who paid her way through college by being a dominatrix. Finally, music producer wunderkind deadmau5 (8) doesn't like the bad rep "cat people" get, so he penned a piece for us in which he shares why it's better to date friends of the feline rather than "dog people."

Dogs, cats, birds, bees—we all have sex. And much like tattoos, the more we put it out there, the more people shed their inhibitions, become educated on the subject, and perhaps feel a little more alive, more human, in the process.

A handwritten signature in black ink.

Rocky Rakovic
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editor@inkedmag.com

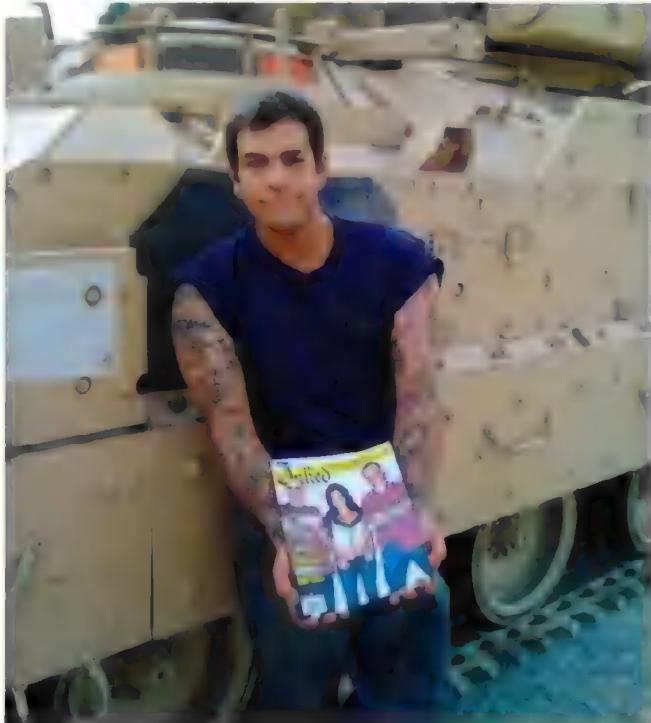


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PRAISE FROM A WORLD AWAY

What's up, INKED? Just wanted to say I love the magazine. I'm currently overseas in Kuwait. We don't get too many copies of INKED in, but I usually am one of the lucky ones to grab a copy when it comes to us. I love the pictures, the artwork, and the articles. Oh yeah, I love the ladies too!

Rik Ortiz

Camp Arifjan, Kuwait

INSANE CLOWN PIECE

Thank you so much for running a beautiful article on the Gathering of the Juggalos. As a Juggalo, I am constantly saddened by the media's depiction of who we are. You have outdone yourselves by treating us

with love and respect. I will keep reading unconditionally with articles of such caliber.

Natalia Sheridan

Ontario, Canada

I really enjoyed the Gathering of the Juggalos article in the November 2010 issue. I actually was teary-eyed that the writer noted the Juggalos and Jugglettes as very friendly. Glad he had a great time.

Brett Tate

Winston-Salem, NC

BLOOD ON OUR HANDS

I work for the American Red Cross and I wanted to let you know you should do a correction. In regulated

facebook

INSIDE THE DARK CARNIVAL

Tara Molla

Whoop whoop! Great article!

Daria Quinzel

Aw man. This is the inside look on the Gathering I've been looking for. I want to go next time.

Nate Pierce

Hope your crew had a good time and saw some fucked-up shit go down. I know I did.

INKED GIRL JUSTINE KONIK

Gene Williams

Live long and prosper Justine!

ICON: ROBERT ATKINSON

Bigg Jacobsen

Sweet article about a guy that's been there and done that! Thanks!

Jason Wilson

His style has really grown and changed, very nice.



READER OF THE MONTH

COURTNEY PEREIRA

Pasadena, Texas

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
E-mail photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

states there is no waiting period for tattoos. There is only a one-year waiting period in states where tattooing is not regulated. I know that the waiting period on tattoos is bullshit, but it's not even the American Red Cross—it's the FDA that sets the rules.

Red Crossed

Albany, NY

I have been tattooing since 1992. Blood transfusions should definitely

keep their waiting period after being tattooed! In this day you'd think tattooing would be universally safe, but it's not. And I totally hate to say that. In the last year, just in my tri-state area there have been four reported cases of diseases spread in "licensed tattoo shops." Health regulations are bullshit. Don't cut the waiting period.

Chris Hall

Purevida Tattoo
Somerdale, NJ



WRITE US. Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. Also join the party at facebook.com/inkedmag.



My First Ink

Name: Kim Nguyen

Occupation: Student, Tattoo Artist

Hometown: Corona, CA

My first tattoo was the phrase "Carpe Diem," in script on my lower back. I was only 17 and got it done at a local shop in town. At the time I was very free-spirited and just felt like the statement was appropriate in describing my lifestyle. Actually, I haven't changed that much since then—although I've added quite a bit more to my collection of tattoos. My family definitely doesn't like them very much but they've come to accept it as me being who I am. My aunt actually wants me to tattoo her! I guess by showing them the beauty of the art, they can learn to accept and appreciate it.

PHOTO BY BRYAN MIRANDA

THE GIRL WITH A UNICORN TATTOO

Lady Gaga wears some ridiculous (and a lot of supercool) stuff, but underneath it all she's inked just like us. Her latest addition? Tattooer **Becca Roach** from **North Star Tattoo** in New York City recently put a unicorn head on the pop star's thigh. The banner around the unicorn's horn reads "Born This Way," which is rumored to be the title of her next album and is also featured in this lyric from one of her new tracks: "I'm beautiful in my way, 'cause God makes no mistakes, I'm on the right track, baby, I was born this way." Is the new tattoo cooler than her meat outfit? You be the judge.



WHAT A DICK!

Allegedly a man in Australia named Chester Ives asked amateur tattoo artist (and then "friend") Matthew Francis Brady to ink a yin and yang symbol with dragons on his back, but for some stupid reason Brady apparently tattooed a 40-cm penis and a slogan calling Ives homosexual onto his skin instead. Ives, rightfully, called the authorities on Brady, who was subsequently charged with assault occasioning bodily harm, a charge that was eventually amped up to assault occasioning grievous bodily harm. There is no death penalty in Australia.

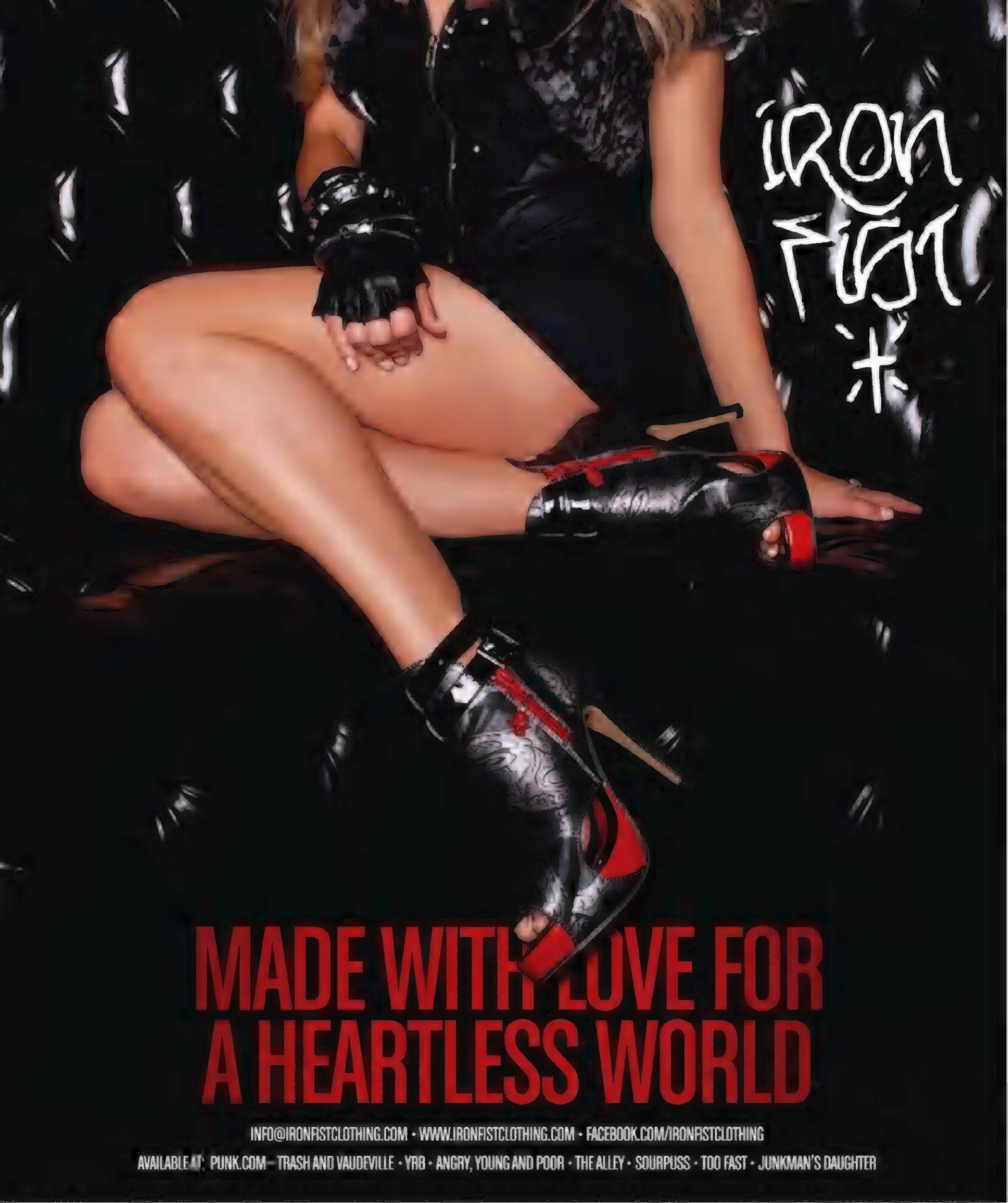


BE A PLAYER

GAME CRUSH is a new website that combines chat roulette, gaming rooms, and video flirting. But most importantly, the site has a roster of beautiful tattooed girls you can play with. It costs some cash, but if you want to play online computer games with cute inked ladies, like gamer "ikillpixels," above, it's well worth it. And if you're a hot guy or girl who enjoys webcam gaming, you can also sign up to be a PlayDate (that's what players are called), which earns you some walking-around money or some dough toward your next piece.

17%

of women wouldn't rule out getting a tattoo of their lover's name, according to a poll done by The Frisky, a women's website.



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Feeling Rosy

A chat with bubbly Scores cocktail waitress Melony.

INKED: How would you describe Scores?

MELONY: It's New York City's classiest strip club.

And you don't strip? That's not my thing. But along with a drink and good conversation I can escort someone who will.

Do you like your job? For sure—I get paid to socialize.

Are the tips good? When people come to strip clubs they expect to spend money.

What types of drinks do most order? We get a lot of groups of businessmen and bachelor parties, so the groups normally order bottle service. When ordering on the floor, groups normally stick with Grey Goose and a few chasers. And in the private rooms champagne is the popular choice.

Any particular bottle of bubbly popular? We've got a pretty solid list of champagnes, with some even costing \$4,500. But as far as particular champagnes, rosés have been popular recently.

How do the customers react to your tattoos? Some nights I wear a sweater that hangs off my shoulders and I have to constantly take it off because the clientele will keep asking to check out my ink. It's usually the main topic of conversation once their drinks have been ordered.

Do you have a favorite tattoo? Probably my Day of the Dead Virgin Mary with cleavage—my not-so-virgin Mary.



SCHRAMSBERG 2001 RESERVE

Made from 70 percent pinot noir grapes and 30 percent chardonnay, this brut (brut = not sweet, by the way) can stand up to any pairing. The notes are fruity, so if your date wants strawberries and whipped cream for Valentine's Day, go with this bottle (\$80).



IRON HORSE 2005 CLASSIC VINTAGE BRUT

Iron Horse carefully chooses the grapes that go into this bottle (\$33) from Green Valley. Not until harvest do the winemakers determine the fate of each particular grape, choosing the smaller, sugary berries for still wine while reserving the larger, tart ones for this sparkling.



SOFIA ROSÉ

From the Francis Ford Coppola Winery—and named after Sofia Coppola—this crisp rosé is our go-to at \$20. Knowledge for life: The difference between rosé and other sparkling wines isn't the color of the grapes but that the grapes used in rosés ferment for a spell with their skins on, creating the pink tint.

SPARKLERS

What's better than a French toast? Awesome American spirits.

Athletes don't shower each other with rum after winning a championship; ships aren't christened by breaking a bottle of vermouth on the bow; best men don't give Four Loko toasts at weddings. The highlights of life are often paired with champagne. It's the tiny bubbles that rise up from the bottom of a champagne flute like lufballons that signify a superb time.

Three reasons why: First, you can't recork a champagne bottle and you can't pound sparkling wine. Champagne situations require at least one friend and a leisurely pace. Second, the stuff is delicious—everybody loves champagne, so why not toast with it? And third, it's aspirational.

Thanks to then-clever marketing way back in France, in the Champagne region specifically, the Don

Drapers of the late 19th century boasted that bubbly was the table wine of the royalty. Pretty darn soon the emerging middle class started buying magnums en masse. In a second wave of ingenuity, champagne was marketed to a newly empowered market: ladies. So when you pour your girlfriend champagne on Valentine's Day or split a bottle with your new friend in a champagne room, be thankful the chartreuse camp didn't scoop that demographic.

Now champagnes must come from the Champagne region of France, but because we love 'Merica we selected our favorite domestic sparkling wines for your next wonderful evening. And remember: Wheatus isn't the breakfast of champions. Mimosas are. —Robert McCormick



Introducing our most colorful headphone yet, the Mondrian, with creative direction from Aerial 7 ambassador Josh Madden. Inspired by the artwork of Dutch painter Piet Mondrian, Madden set out to create a bright patterned, sharp and sophisticated headphone.

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Clockwise from top
left: Playing Koi, El
Wood, Beijing Empire
Strikes Back.



DESIGNING WOMEN

We're really drawn to Derek Santiago's digital dream girls.

Bronx, NY-based illustrator Derek Santiago describes his work as "Retro-future-hybrid-multicultural-urban-figurative pinup art." We just call it sexy. His designs feature a menagerie of half-naked, libido-provoking women swathed in bright colors, sharp lines, and sultry ink.

Santiago's pieces are mixed media—largely digital based—and his influences range from his Latin heritage to '80s Japanese anime to the late fashion artist Antonio Lopez. His process begins with the inspiration of a beautiful woman, he explains: "The majority of my work is of women I know in real life, fans from around the globe, or women from my imagination." Santiago composes the females using a digital airbrushing technique, then outputs it onto canvas and adds mixed media components.

A self-described "sensitive nerdy kid growing up," Santiago, now 37 years old, attended the High School of Art and Design in Manhattan and later received a BFA from the Fashion

Institute of Technology. "I started my career as a comic colorist," he remembers of his commercial work. "That's actually where I got my beginnings as a digital painter, and from there I've done illustrations for Levi's, Coors, Heineken, Target, and World Wrestling Entertainment. Having a passion for all types of art and design, I've done work for toy companies, movie companies, ad agencies, and fashion and textile houses," Santiago says. "I was a bit all over the place, but right now I'm sticking to my culturally remixed pinup girls."

Many of Santiago's ladies are adorned with ink—a subject the artist feels passionate about. "The woman's body is the best work of art ever created," he explains of the female form, complete with shape, curves, and contours. "What looks sexy on one lady might look a mess on another. ... Those curves can be bulldozed by tattoos that collide against the feminine flow." —Kara Pound



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PUT A RING ON IT

If you adhere—or even if you don't—to the adage that it's not the size of the boat but the motion of the ocean, get yourself an outboard motor: the LifeStyle's **Vibrating Ring** (four for \$13, lifestyles.com).



BRING HOME THE BACON

If you're dating the right girl, a Whitman's Sampler won't do. Instead, this Valentine's Day give her **Marini's Chocolate Covered Bacon** (\$11 for half-pound box, mariniscandies.com).



PEARL NECKLACE

It took you a second, didn't it? This brilliant piece (\$420, leahpiegras.com) says, "I'm not uptight" and "I enjoy visual puns." In the wrong company you can just say, "No, you pervert, this is abstract art."



PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD

SITi G: **Nine Millimeter Earphones** (\$159, munitio.com) are titanium-coated and perfect for listening to loud music—especially death metal.

SAILOR DECK

Combining land, air, and sea, the **Sailor Girl Skateboard Deck** by Sailor Jerry and Chapman Skateboards (\$58, sailorjerry.com) does more than just look sleek.





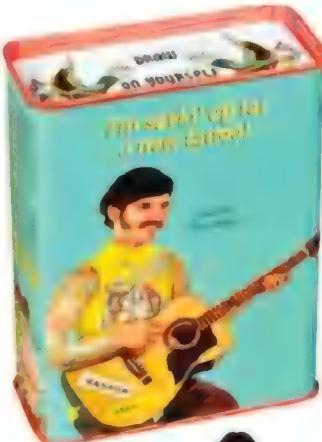
FEET TO THE FIRE

These Lee Hale oxidized bronze candleholders with talons (\$395, eriebasin.com) are the slickest candlesticks we've ever seen. The only issue? No catch for running wax means you end up with droppings.



SIGNING IN THE RAIN

Sometimes Mother Nature can be a real mother. Tell her what you think about precipitation with the **Fuck the Rain** umbrella (\$52, artlebedev.com).

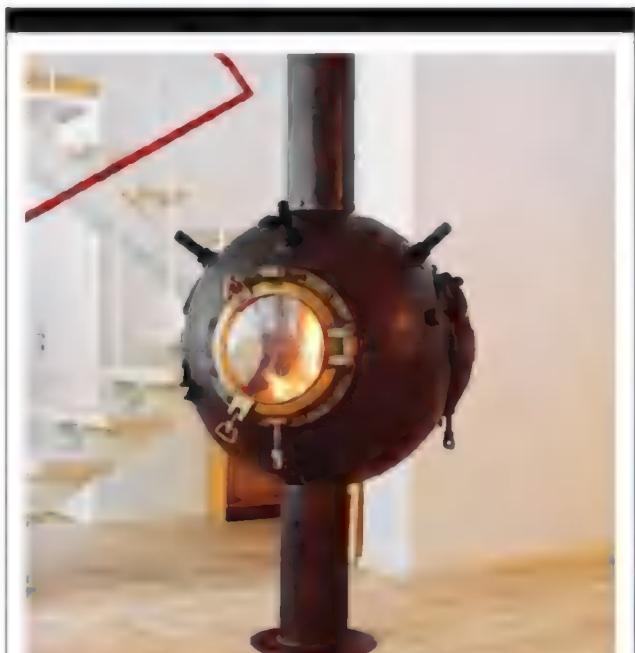


PENNY SAVER

Eyes on the prize: Your next piece isn't going to pay for itself, so bank your spare change in the **I'm Savin' Up for a New Tattoo** bank (\$8, perpetualkid.com).



Badcock makes some of our favorite t-shirts, and they utilized the root of the romantic language for this vintage-feeling shirt (\$38, badcockapparel.com).



MINED THE SCRAP

Marine Mine takes salvaged underwater mines from an abandoned Soviet military facility near Finland and fabricates them into some impactful furniture. They create fireplaces (above), armchairs, beds, and even toilets (prices available upon request, marinemine.com)

ENTERTAINMENT



BOOB TUBE

Through parodies, the porn industry promises you'll never watch your favorite shows the same way again.

The adult film business makes their bread off shock value, and now that they have pushed the physical bar as high as humanly possible they have turned to ream our favorite programs. The porn parody is not a new idea but one that the industry has been going gangbusters—excuse me, gangbusters—with recently.

A few have clever names like *Face Jam*, *Sex Trek: The Next Pen-*

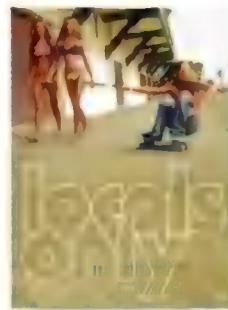
etration, and *Hung Wankenstein*. Even *Top Chef*, *Jersey Shore*, *CSI*, and *The Brady Bunch* (Ron Jeremy plays Sam the Butcher) have been given the XXX treatment. Inexplicably, there's also a parody of *McHale's Navy* (just a reminder: Father's Day is a few months away). Of all these, I decided to give *This Isn't Mad Men* a look.

While AMC can only show us so much of the sexual exploits that

go on at Don Draper's agency, the adult version can show it all. In just over 90 minutes, porno-Joan shows porno-Peggy the ropes of her new job, Don and Betty Draper celebrate a new account, Roger and Joan have a fling, and Don has to convince the woman in charge of an account to stay with the agency. In order to keep character, Don keeps his shirt and tie on and smokes while having sex, which seems far more awkward than authentic. My 13-year-old self would hate me for saying this but I found the entire thing to be spectacularly boring, and I would much rather have watched the actual show. They took something that I love and made it dull and gross. Wait, what's this? *Texas' Asshole Massacre*? I love flicks during which people get gored! —Charlie Connell



BOOKS



BOARD SHOTS

When a drought hit southern California in the 1970s, rascal kids took the streets (and trespassed into neighborhood swimming pools and drainage ditches) on their skateboards, creating a sport that now hands out gold medals. Photographer Hugh Holland jumped fences and ran from local dogs in the mid-'70s to document the skater culture that eventually bred *Dogtown* and *Z-Boys*. The result was defiant, sun-bleached, and innocent photos now turned into oversized coffee-table book *Locals Only*. It's a striking collection of the scrawny blond outlaws caught in the act when skating was still a crime. —Robert McCormick

MOVIES



DRIVE ANGRY 3D

Nicolas Cage stars in this action-horror-revenge flick about a vengeful father who is chasing the people who killed his daughter and kidnapped her baby. This looks like one of those classic, bat-shit Nic Cage performances we all love. Director Patrick Lussier, who made the brilliant *My Bloody Valentine* in 3-D, also cowrote the script with partner in crime Todd Farmer, so expect a high-body-count bloodbath. Amber Heard, Billy Burke, William Fichtner, and David Morse are also along for the ride. —Gilbert Macias



SANCTUM

Producer James Cameron brings us this 3-D action-thriller about a group of cave divers who are trapped in the largest underwater cave system on the planet. With limited supplies and nerves on edge, they must work together to find their way out of the labyrinth and hopefully make it out alive. This film is also shot in true 3-D, not that post-filming conversion crap (we're talking about you, *Clash of the Titans*). And with Cameron involved, we're sure it's going to look stunning. Not for the claustrophobic. —G.M.



I AM NUMBER FOUR

I Am Number Four is the sci-fi tale about John Smith (Alex Pettyfer), a teen with extraordinary powers. He is a humanlike being from the planet Lorien, which was destroyed by an invading race called Mogadorians. Nine Lorien children escaped and were each given a number. Now an alien hunter is pursuing them, killing them in order. So far, three are dead and John is Number Four. On the run and aided by his guardian, Henri (Timothy Olyphant), the two settle in a small Ohio town—then it gets crazy. —G.M.

DVD

LITTLE MONSTERS

Monsters is an impressive little movie. A NASA probe with alien life-forms crashes in Central America. It sounds like the setup of an epic film, but *Monsters* centers around two characters who are trying to pass through the "infected zone," so the alien threat takes a backseat. It's more of a survival film that focuses on character, fear, dread, and suspense—but when the monsters finally appear, it's awesome. Someone needs to give director Gareth Edwards a shitload of money and see what he can do with it. —G.M.



TIMING FOR CHAMPIONS

The racers watch. The new Chronorally is the ultimate timepiece chosen by rally drivers, navigators and motoring enthusiasts alike. Whether competing or spectating, the Edox Chronorally is a sports timing instrument which can simultaneously measure elapsed time, accumulate stage times, recount/replay,

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VIDEO GAMES



BULLETPROOF

Platforms: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, PC

Shooting a gun is as mundane as taking out the trash in too many action games. Not Bulletstorm. This bombastic sci-fi shooter couldn't give a shit that you shoot your enemy; it's only concerned with how you shoot your enemy. Bulletstorm rewards creativity on the battlefield, awarding point bonus points for executing over-the-top skill shots that players can then use to unlock new attacks and upgrade weapons. Why riddle the baddie with bullets when you can tie him up with chain-linked explosive grenades, kick him into his squad, and watch limbs fly in the explosive aftermath? The skill shots get even more outlandish when you team up with three friends in the co-op Anarchy mode. If you want to do Quentin Tarantino proud, the four of you can each grab a limb with your electric leash weapons to draw and quarter the poor bastard. Now that's pulp fiction. *Play if you like: Grindhouse, Firefly, Duke Nukem* —Matt Bertz



KILLZONE 3

Platform: PlayStation 3

In Killzone 2, players disposed of the humanoid Helghast dictator, severing the head from the snake. Game over, right? Not even close. At the start of Killzone 3, the hero survivors must fend for themselves without military support against a pissed-off mutant army. Though the outlook is dreary, the game brightens up the gloomy atmosphere of its predecessors as players shoot their way through gorgeously realized arctic tundras and jungles. Developer Guerrilla Games also fine-tuned the gunplay with explosive new weapons like a multi-missile launcher, more vehicular combat, and the introduction of jet-pack warfare. *The Rocketeer* with guns, multiplayer, and 3-D support? Sign us up. *Play if you like: Resistance: Fall of Man, Avatar* —M.B.



MARVEL VS. CAPCOM 3: FATE OF TWO WORLDS

Platform: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

The legendary crossover fighting game returns after a 10-year hiatus. Marvel vs. Capcom 3 comes to the brawl armed with a new cel-shaded look, a three-button control scheme (no more over-complicated combos), and a who's who roster of Marvel and Capcom characters like the Incredible Hulk, Spider-Man, and Ryu. They hired well-known Iron Man and Wolverine comic book writer Frank Tieri to craft a story about a diabolical tag team of Doctor Doom and Albert Wesker. To stop their nefarious plot to take over both worlds, Marvel and Capcom heroes must punch and kick their way through a series of three-on-three scraps. Each character has its own unique ending. *Play if you like: Street Fighter, Marvel's Civil War series* —M.B.

THE INKED PLAYLIST

BY JONAH BAYER

BELLE & SEBASTIAN

"Sunday's Pretty Icons"

The perfect soundtrack for a lazy Sunday.

FORGETTERS

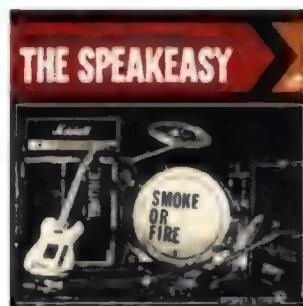
"Vampire Lessons"

Former Jawbreaker frontman Blake Schwarzenbach proves he's still got plenty of fury in the tank.

ALL PIGS MUST DIE

"Die Ignorant"

What do you get when you combine members of Converge, The Hope Conspiracy, and Bloodhorse? Total fucking destruction.



SMOKE OR FIRE

"Monsters Among Us"

On their third full-length for Fat Wreck Chords, the punchers finally strike the perfect balance between aggression and melody.

SUPERCHUNK

"Digging for Something"

This indie rock institution only gets better with age.

OFF!

"Upside Down"

Fronted by The Circle Jerks/Black Flag vocalist Keith Morris, Off! carry on L.A.'s punk legacy with help from members of Hot Snakes and Burning Brides.

MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE

"Na Na Na (Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na)"

They channel their inner Stooges with this seductive new single.

KINGS OF LEON

"Radioactive"

Kings of Leon retain their rock 'n' roll crown with the first single from their latest disc, *Come Around Sundown*.

HELLOGOODBYE

"Finding Something to Do"

Writing the perfect pop song isn't easy, but it sure sounds like it when listening to Hellogoodbye's latest effort.



NightRider

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OF US THAT SPANS GENERATIONS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. THAT NEED IS FREEDOM.



RAISE THE BAR

These suds are for you.

This is our version of Tub Girl.



Cleaner Science Petri Dish Soap (\$8; etsy.com)

Consider this a reminder of why you want to wash your hands after using the bathroom. The petri-dish-shaped, honey-scented soap is modeled after an image of USDA enemy number one: *Escherichia coli*.



Lush Whoosh Shower Jelly (\$6; lush.com)

Not a Jell-O Jiggler, this wobbly blue bar creates a refreshing lather with lemon, lime, and grapefruit juices packed into the formula. One caveat with this one: You will unavoidably drop the soap.



Love Lee Soaps Doughnut Soap (\$4; etsy.com)

With a chocolate scent and actual sprinkles, visitors might be tempted to bite into this bar. So warn them in advance—because no matter how dumb they are, no one deserves to have their mouth washed out with soap.



Aramis Soap on a Rope (\$14; amazon.com)

Did an ex-convict invent this item? The jury's hung. We do know, however, that this iteration is no gag gift. The handy soap's moisturizing formula leaves behind an expensive-smelling patchouli and musk fragrance.

THINGS THAT ARE SURE IN LIFE: You will pay taxes, getting a tattoo will hurt, and your houseguests will examine everything in your bathroom. To have a little fun with that inevitability, you could stash bedbug spray under the sink and fill your medicine cabinet with antifungal cream, dandruff shampoo, and Zovirax (Google it), but what if the houseguest happens to be someone you'd like to impress? Like a lady, perhaps? One option is a basket with back issues of *The New Yorker* next to the toilet; but really, that's not fooling anyone. Instead, we suggest replacing the standard stuff in your soap dish with one of these suds makers. They're what we like to call good, clean fun. —*Jennifer Goldstein*



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DESTINATION:

DALLAS

Oliver Peck shows you around this year's Super Bowl city.



Oliver Peck has been tattooing and traveling the world for the last 18 years, so he knows how to live on the road. Accordingly, we tapped him to play tour guide for his hometown, the Big D. The first place you should stop is the shop he owns with Dean Williams, Elm Street Tattoo (2811 Elm St.), in Deep Ellum. "It's not just a business; we try to make it a place to hang out," Peck says. "We like to make customers and friends feel welcome. It's the same atmosphere that your grandfather's barbershop had." After you get inked, check out these other spots. —Zac Clark

BEST PLACE TO GET ARTISTICALLY INSPIRED ☺

Standing tall since 1987 in Waxahachie, the Webb Gallery (209-211 W. Franklin St.) is a haven for self-taught artists and artisans all over the area. Owners Bruce and Julie Webb have been scouring Texas for the last 22 years in search of oddities of interest, handmade art, and promotional objects from yesteryear. "They even sell things like circus banners and fraternal order memorabilia—it's a must-see," Peck raves.



© BEST DINER THAT TIME FORGOT

After a hard night of drinking, nothing does you right like something to soak up your bad decisions. The Metro Diner (3309 Gaston Ave.) is Dallas's best greasy spoon. If you roll in at 4 a.m., expect a rough-and-tumble crowd but also expect amazing diner food like blueberry pancakes, breakfast sausage, and burgers. "When I was 20, I used to eat three meals a day here for about four months!" Peck says.



BEST BAR TO CELEBRATE YOUR NEW TATTOO IN ☺

With a friendly and heavily tattooed bar staff, well-priced drinks, a stacked jukebox, and electronic poker, July Alley (2809 Elm St.) is a local watering hole for the everyman. "It's right next door to the shop," Peck says. "They're a big part of the Friday the Thirteenth parties we throw." And if that isn't enough, they also have more than 50 bottles of beer on the wall.

C BEST VINTAGE STORE

From old cowboy boots to vintage vinyl and old prom dresses, Dolly Python (1916 N. Haskell Ave.) is where old things come in hopes of a second life. "It's a combination vintage store antique shop with a lot of hipster style," Peck says. They regularly host seasonal parties, and the shop's owner, Gretchen Bell, takes requests; if you need anything from dead animal skulls to leather biker jackets, she'll keep an eye out for you.



© BEST MEXICAN FOOD NORTH OF THE BORDER

There are hundreds of Mexican restaurants in Dallas, but Peck swears by Pepe & Mito's Mexican Cafe (2911 Elm St.). "We eat here a lot, and not just 'cause it's close," he says. "When you leave town you miss the salsa." Enchiladas, fajitas, and tacos—all the staples of Mexican cuisine—are amazing, but the mole and handmade flour tortillas are known among locals as the best in Dallas.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PECK; JACK THOMPSON; DALLAS SKYLINE: CLAY COLEMAN; PEPE & MITO'S MEXICAN CAFE, JULY ALLEY: METRO DINER: DOLLY PYTHON: TREVOR PAULHUS

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Brooke Banner (top) and Andy San Dimas are backseat drivers.

SEX DRIVE

Women who know share deep thoughts on auto erotica.

Ever since the first Model T rolled off the assembly line, cars and love—at least its physical manifestation—have been linked. "They're a great place to be spontaneous," says adult film star Brooke Banner. "Plus there's the adrenaline: What if we get caught? What if someone sees us?" Here, Banner and fellow adult film star Andy San Dimas take us for a ride.

ANDY: My very first porn scene was in the back of an El Camino. For Dana DeArmond's *Role Modeling* we put a mattress in the back of this olive green El Camino that also had chains to hold the gate onto the truck bed. We were going so hard that we broke one of the chains—I felt really bad about that. Then my costar carried me from the El Camino to a Vespa, and we did it there too.

BROOKE: I'm dying to get an old-school Cadillac that has the bench seat, so I can have sex on it. I've already had sex in a raised, lifted Chevy truck—in the bed and inside—a Tahoe, my old car, which was a Range Rover, and my current car, a Bimmer.

ANDY: My car right now is a Scion xB, which I'm proud of but I've never had sex in. I guess that's weird for the amount of sex I have and the amount of time I spend in that car. But when I was younger I had a military blue GMC Safari. It was a mega-minivan and I rode my boyfriend reverse cowgirl in it. It's a position I never do anymore unless I'm in a movie, because it's one of the most uncomfortable; you work muscles you never do any other time. It's the most popular porno sex position and the most loathed.

BROOKE: I own a 6-series BMW and I'm tall, so I have to have sex on it, not in it. Recently I was leaving the ArcLight theater in Los Angeles and I asked the guy to pull over into a cul-de-sac. We leaned up against the car and did it with the door open.

ANDY: I dated a guy who drove a Ford Focus SVT, and he was obsessed with this little black hatchback. Somehow we got in the trunk of this car; I was the little spoon and he was the big spoon. So I can say that's a good



position for a hatchback trunk.

BROOKE: My fantasy is a tattooed girl driving an old-school Buick down Ventura Boulevard.

ANDY: I just did *Tori Black Is Pretty Filthy 2*, and in a scene that was nominated for an AVN Award I'm with Tori in an old, red Cadillac convertible. While I drove up and down a canyon she stood up and flashed. The alignment on the car was off, so I was just trying not to veer off a cliff. Then we parked at the edge of the cliff with a really great view and I fucked her in the back of the car. I didn't put any sunblock on, so I got sunburned. Always wear protection. —Sam Jemielity



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ROCKERS. CHEF. DOMINATRIX.

"It was kind of unrockstary to sing about that stuff."
—Nathan Willett
of The Cold War
Kids on the band's
"relationship" songs.

PHOTO BY DOVE SHORE



COLD WAR KIDS

The Cold War Kids are growing up yet not growing old. The Long Beach-based soul-punk outfit began carefree and fun, but now the band—and their sound—is maturing. "I'm trying to come up with a better term for what this phase of life is all about," explains frontman, pianist, guitarist, and lyricist Nathan Willett. "I think it's just when people kind of settle into their work, start finding themselves a bit, and are more likely to get into committed relationships."

Willett, who is married, is hard at work with his bandmates—Jonnie Russell (guitar, vocals, percussion), Matt Maust (bass guitar), and Matt Aveiro (drums)—touring for their just-released third studio album, *Mine Is Yours*. The fifth contributor to the new Cold War Kids sound is producer extraordinaire Jacquire King (Kings of Leon, Norah Jones, Tom Waits). Together they put out 11 tracks featuring Willett waxing poetic about the joys and failures of commitment—the transformation of relationships from "easy and light to really heavy."

"Lyrically speaking, it didn't seem like anything I'd ever really heard," Willett says. "It was very kind of unrockstary to sing about that stuff. I guess in a way people want to listen to stuff like Kings of Leon who kind of say, 'Do whatever you want, heartbreaks happen and they're not that bad,' kind of thing."

But when it comes to ink, Willett is all rock star. His first tattoo came at age 18, and it's been steady ever since. Most of his work is by good friend and fellow musician Jim Miner, who works at Analog Tattoo in San Jose, CA. "I'd come home and Jim would be tattooing people in our kitchen every night," Willett remembers of the early days. "It was definitely a part of the culture that was happening at that time."

Willett's arsenal of flesh art includes a nearly covered chest featuring a sacred heart, the sky, angels, and a banner that reads "Salvation." He's also got a black trumpet on his forearm, a crown reminiscent of the work of artist Jean-Michel Basquiat, and the word "Tender" on his arm, which serves as an ode to the tune of the same name by Blur. "If I were ever to write a list of my favorite songs, that would be really high up there," he says. It's a seemingly perfect anthem for a guy who's growing—and from ink to album, Willett and the other Cold War Kids thrust it out front for their fans going through the same metamorphosis. —Kara Pound





From left:
Nathan Willett, Jonnie
Russell, Matt Aveiro,
and Matt Maust.

Tomato Foam

You've seen foams on television and at fancy restaurants, but they're actually pretty simple to do and can be both lighter and more flavorful than sauces.

2 medium vine-ripe tomatoes, cored
2 garlic cloves, peeled
1 shallot, peeled and halved
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 ½ cups water
1 tablespoon lecithin granules, ground
Pinch salt

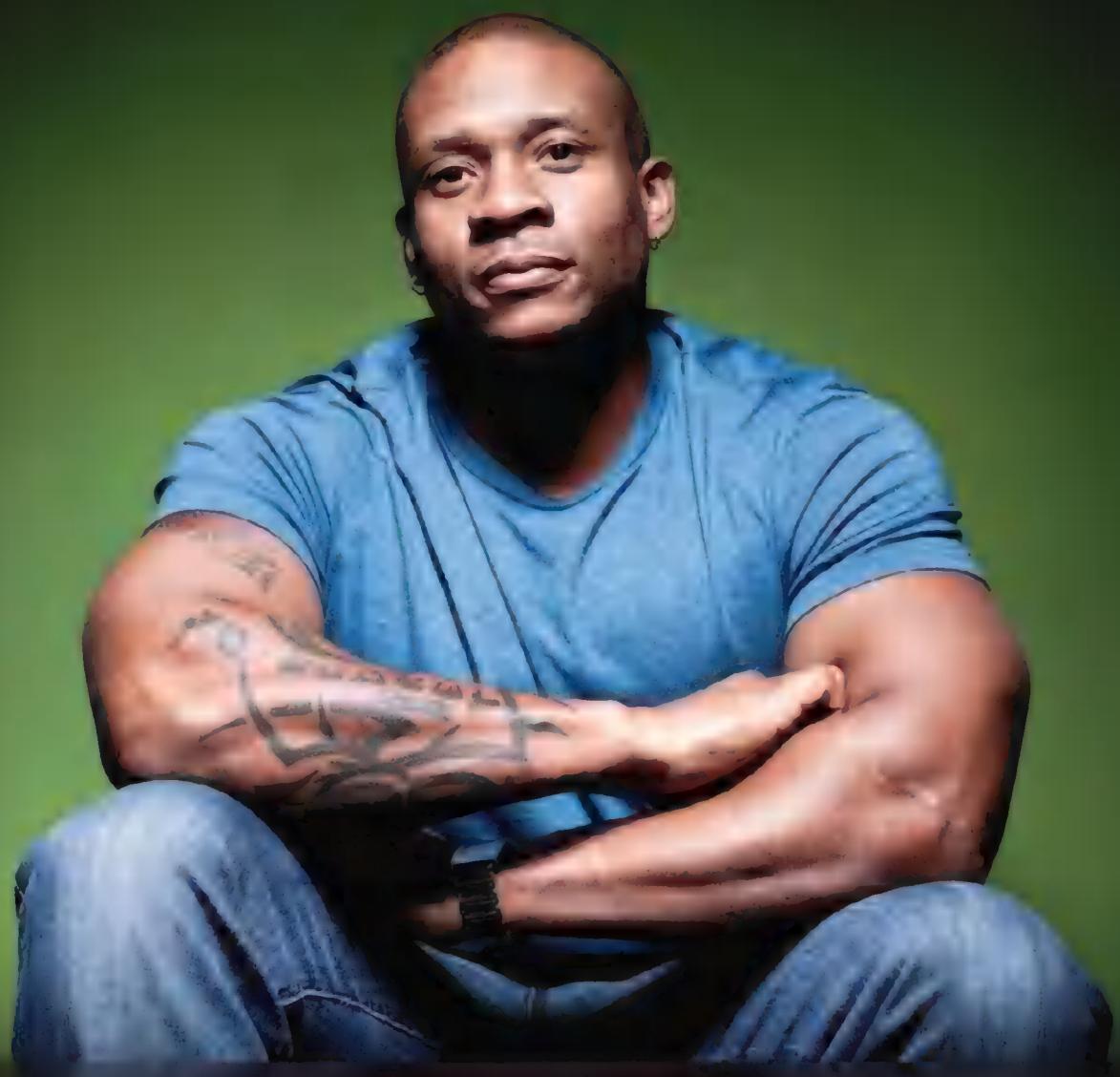
Place tomatoes, garlic, and shallot in a perforated pan over a hot charcoal grill and cook for 3 to 4 minutes. Place the contents of the pan in a pot and cook over medium heat for 5 minutes. Add tomato paste, chili powder, and cayenne pepper and continue to cook for 8 to 10 minutes. Next, place mixture in a blender and blend until smooth. Strain liquid through a fine mesh strainer and whisk in the water, lecithin, and salt. Froth liquid with handheld immersion blender. Remove foam from top of liquid and serve.

TRE WILCOX

A person's first job is never supposed to become their career—if that were the case, the number one profession in America would be grocery bagger. So when a 16-year-old Tre Wilcox took his work permit to a kitchen, he certainly didn't expect to discover that cooking would become the great passion of his life. "I started working as a short order cook in a little family-owned place just to make money," he recalls. "I didn't really think I was going to put my all into it. And sure enough, I became more intrigued."

The more time he spent in the kitchen, the more Wilcox knew that this was his calling. By the time he turned 19, cooking had become an obsession. "I realized quickly that I loved this shit and that I don't want to be away from this," he says. "I wanted to learn as much as I could about it." Instead of going the route of getting a formal education through culinary school, Wilcox decided to just go out and work. In order to learn from some of the best chefs in the country he would work in their kitchens for free, a practice known as staging. He has staged in over 30 restaurants and continues to do so, leading up to him opening his first place, Marquee Restaurant, in early 2011.

His vision is a restaurant without borders that will offer up as many cuisines as possible under one roof. Drawing from a broad spectrum of experiences in his life gives a distinct style to both Wilcox's cooking and his ink. His Christian faith, his family, Chinese mythology, and his personal ethos are all reflected in the artwork on his arm. He explains that the apple on his arm represents "two loves: a love for JC and a love for food." Wilcox's first tattoo was the phrase "Gotta Have Passion." When you look at his life and his work, one couldn't think of a more apt way to describe him. It is that passion that has brought him great success in and out of the kitchen, including the past season of *Top Chef* on which he looked to be the chef to beat—something that didn't quite pan out and that he's giving another go in *Top Chef All-Stars*. He calls the experience, like all of his cooking in other people's kitchens, a learning process—one that's ongoing. "When you wake up, you spend every one of your days trying to find out more about what it is that you love," Wilcox declares. "I won't ever plateau as a chef. Every day I'm aggressive with getting out to learn more." Lucky for our taste buds his first gig wasn't video store clerk. —Charlie Connell





MELISSA FEBOS

"I had always been fascinated by the ability to appear one thing and to be another," says Melissa Febos. This curiosity soon became her reality. In her revealing memoir, *Whip Smart*, Febos shares the realities of her double life as a dominatrix. "I had no idea what I was getting myself into," Febos recounts of her experience as both a professional dominatrix and a college student. "I got off on having a secret life, but it's a lot of work to maintain life in different realms."

During her junior year of college, Melissa became tired of low-paying writing jobs and working in coffee shops making lattes. That all changed when she responded to an ad offering \$75 an hour to act out sexual fantasies in an upscale S&M house in Manhattan. "On the surface I was working for the money, but I was also interested in the hidden culture. It made me confident and pushed my boundaries. I had such complex motives that I had to write a whole book to figure out what attracted me to sex work."

After four years, Melissa decided it was time to hang up her whip. "It's compulsive and you become attached. But you can't be afraid to listen to yourself when it's right for you to leave," Febos says. "But I am grateful for the experience; it made me more open-minded and a better person."

After graduating from The New School University and receiving an MFA in writing from Sarah Lawrence College, Febos has taught writing and literature at SUNY Purchase College and New York University. To this day, she uses writing as a way to process the world. "I think best when writing. When something happens that scars us or has a lasting affect, we should document it," she says.

Febos has also used this philosophy when selecting her collection of tattoos. "I try to capture images that signify experiences that changed me," she says. "Artistically, I always liked black-and-white images that were iconic culturally." Funny for a woman whose existence isn't exactly black and white. —*Tiffany Frasier*

NSFW

{NOT SAFE FOR WORK}

THE HOTTEST INKED GIRLS ON FILM BARE THEIR TATTOOS.

Pornography has done a lot of good—really, it has. The art form helped you through “the talk” with your parents. Your father, stammering: “Now, son ... when a man and a—” ¶ You: “Yeah, I know, Dad.” ¶ Its stars, like Jenna Jameson and Traci Lords, were your first sex-ed instructors. And it made sex less mysterious and less dirty—more like a fun activity to do with a friend. ¶ Even post-puberty, if you want to spice things up in your life, you needn’t look further than one of the millions of films that have examples of tricks to add to your repertoire. And if you ever feel ashamed of a certain fetish, it takes five seconds and an internet connection to see that other people share your turn-on. ¶ At its core, though, porn is entertainment. Like celebrities of stage and screen, the stars of the adult film industry have tremendous followings. Headliners range from bushy to siliconed to tattooed to (thanks to adult “tubes”) literally the girl next door. And when inked guys and dolls made the jump from alt porn to mainstream X-rated releases, it wasn’t just a coup for the actors and actresses; it was a sign that tattoos had been embraced by the masses—considered universally sexy. ¶ To celebrate, we asked the hottest inked women in the business to take down their hair, slip off their Lucite heels, and change out of their cheerleading, French maid, and hot teacher costumes for this stunning pictorial.

PHOTOS BY WARWICK SAINT



TEAGAN PRESLEY

This Penthouse Pet of the Month for January 2009 is a three-time AVN award winner and star of such hits as *1 Night in Paris* and *Apprentass*.

SKIN

This star of *European Vacation* and *P.O.V. Punx 4* works part-time as an assistant manager at a bookstore and says her favorite tattoos are "the sinister, pink-haired, Japanese nurse on my left arm and ... the pink kitty surrounded by rainbows on my right."



TORI LUX

With tattoos from Psycho City Tattoo and American Made Tattoo, this starlet of *Carbongirl* and *No Panties Allowed 2* tweeted this about Victoria's Secret models: "I know exactly what all those bitches are thinking: Fuck man, I am starving!"





{ AKIRA RAINÉ

The San Francisco Giants fan has manned Queerly Beloved's Kinky Kissing Booth (think spanking and flogging instead of just kissing) and starred in films such as *Courtney Trouble* and *No Fauxxx*.

DAISY MARIE

A runner-up in the reality competition show *Jenna's American Sex Star*, this actress of *Blown Away 2* and *Tic-Tac-Toes 3* has also lent her talents to 50 Cent's video for the song "Disco Inferno."



JUELZ VENTURA

This Brazilian bombshell and star of *Jet Fuel*, *Lex the Impaler*, and *Vajazzled* says she'd like to meet ... your mom. "Seriously—moms like me!" she insists.



ELLE MACPHERSON BRA: AFFINITAS INTIMATES UNDERWEAR; ROBERTO COIN EARRINGS; VIRGINS, SAINTS & ANGELS BANGLE; STYLIST'S OWN BRACELET

KRYSTA KAOS

The *Scurvy Girls* 3 headliner participated in the Asbury Park, NJ, Zombie Walk this past fall and has posed for the Tattoos and Tentacles art project.



SWAROVSKI CRYSTAL BRACELET; VINTAGE HEELS

Stylist: Joshua Seth at opusbeauty.com

Stylist's assistant: Sarah Perillo

Hair: Sean Mikel for Frédéric Fekkai at starworksartists.com

Hair assistant: Reyna Soto

Makeup: Garret Gervais for Dior Beauty at opusbeauty.com

Makeup assistant: Nikki Star

Retouching: Anthony Morrow

Location: Smashbox Studios, Culver City, CA

D-DAY

D-DAY

D-DAY



D-DAY WHAT DOES THE HARD-ROCKING, HARD-LIVING LEAD OF SOCIAL DISTORTION DO IN HIS DOWNTIME? HE GOES ANTIQUING. DON'T TAKE MIKE NESS FOR GRANTED. BY ROCKY RAKOVIC PHOTOGRAPHY BY KAREEM BLACK PAGE 44

SALE
EVERYTHING
AND ALL
THE

£10
FIRE







MAN WITH SLICKED-BACK HAIR, A SALT-AND-PEPPER BEARD, KNUCKLE TATTOOS, neck tattoos, and an anchor tattooed on his cheek strides into GiGi's Antiques in Red Bank, NJ. One of the old women at the counter, perhaps GiGi herself, clutches her chest, and the other reaches for the cash register. Respectfully, Mike Ness takes off his sunglasses and in a sweet and low voice says, "Good afternoon, ladies." He looks back to his equally tattooed entourage juxtaposed next to priceless art, china older than the People's Republic, and other antiques, and says, "I never get tired of that reaction."

By now what the delicate purveyors of the antique shop can best surmise is that a motorcycle gang of ruffians casing the joint has made its way to the thimble sets and tapestries. The boldest of the women scampers after the gang, watching her inventory.

"Excuse me, miss, you wouldn't happen to have any old watches?" Ness asks.

"We do, but they're behind glass, so I'll have to look at them with you," she answers, with the emphasis on placing herself in proximity to the product.

The two go to the corner of the store that houses the watches, and Ness immediately starts identifying them by make, model, year, and quirk—his knowledge and charm shows that he isn't a scofflaw and puts the woman at ease. The discussion of art deco watches only interests Ness and the seller, so the entourage disperses throughout the store to sift through baseball cards, old magazines, or prewar toys. But word hasn't gotten around that the guys in leather jackets are safe, and the boys are met at every shelf with treasures from bygone years and the steely gazes of octogenarian men—the other woman has called in the muscle. A stand-down finally occurs when the first woman brings up a watch from the back to hold at the register for Mr. Ness.

"The great thing about touring is that I have the opportunity to check out antique stores in places I've never been before," Ness says during the short walk to the next shop. He still has a few hours before the sound check for Social Distortion's concert in central Jersey. Walking into another of the many Red Bank stores selling secondhand wares, the group is again greeted with uneasy looks and, this time, a small dog that thinks it's a pit bull. The tattooed crew passes the terrier's sniff test, but the clerks are beyond leery. The man running the shop lets his curiosity get the best of him and comes over to point out some of his pieces. Ness meanders around a collection of clocks and lamps, his eyes landing on a traffic light in the corner.

"You like the traffic light?" the man asks.

Ness gives him an opening: "I think so."

"I know it comes from the City," he says, meaning New York City. "I think Brooklyn."

"Does it work?" Ness asks.

The man shows him that it does in fact function, and they discuss the finer points of traffic lights. Then, when the price is revealed, Ness informs him that he wants the piece, but regretfully he can't see paying the quoted amount. The man explains that he is actually selling it for a friend of his and if Ness wants to come back later in the week, he could talk to the owner. "See, I'm only in town today," Ness says nicely. "I'm from California."

"What brings you here?" the man asks.

"Me and my band are playing a rock 'n' roll show tonight," Ness explains. Then he throws it out there to see if it rings a bell: "Social Distortion."

It doesn't. It's not like Ness is looking for a handout, but in the antique world the lead of one of the most prolific rock bands might as well be a janitor. Ness takes one last look at the traffic light, tells the owner that if he wants to call his friend with the offer he may stop back in later, and then leads his crew out the door. Is Ness bothered by the way the antique sellers react to him? "If I really cared about what other people think, I wouldn't have pursued rock 'n' roll music—I'd still be pushing a mop," he says.

The same dance between Ness and the proprietors occurs at the next den of antiquities. Ness picks up a Virgin Mary statuette and says, "I'm really into religious iconography because it seems important to people—the object meant something to someone." He moves on to another area and thumbs a license plate from the '30s. "I also really like the Gasoline Alley stuff," he says. "Back then there was a craftsmanship to everything."

By "everything," Ness means everything. He's a true craftsman as well—someone who puts out only a quality product, be it an album or a performance. Social Distortion's new release, *Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes*, is the band's

the Rolling Stones, and The Ramones. Even non-fans have heard the band's rendition of Cash's "Ring of Fire" and the Stones' "Under My Thumb." In *Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes* you can also hear the echo of Ness's friend and fan Bruce Springsteen. "I wanted to write a rock 'n' roll album that had parts of country, punk rock, blues, and rockabilly all spread equally," Ness says. The result is patently Social D, at times loud and brash and on other tracks brutally honest and ballady. "A good portion is autobiographical, but because I don't want to be pigeonholed creatively, some songs are light," he says. "I wanted a nice variety so after you listen to the album you aren't sure what happened but you enjoyed the journey."

Ness is in yet another antique shop scrupulously examining a watchband to determine if it's original or a distressed replacement. The fluorescent lights of the store bounce off the wrinkles in the leather band and illuminate his knuckle tattoos. He has a soft spot for art deco-era watches and ink. Some say that people who amass as many tattoos as Ness are collectors, picking up a tattoo here and there to represent that they were here and there physically or emotionally. "In the way that music and the stuff I pick up help me to express myself, I guess tattoos do as well," he admits. His favorite is the anchor that he recently got tattooed under his left eye. "It's very symbolic," Ness says. "It means that I'm anchored—I'm in a spot where I know who I am. I am anchored spiritually; I'm anchored with my family; and I'm anchored in my place in rock 'n' roll."

Ness's future tattoo plans include finishing up his "shirt." His body of work is an amalgam of black-and-gray and color with no particular theme, but he's inked himself with symbols that echo his penchant for collecting automotive antiques and religious iconography. He's contemplating how to blend the Jesus on his chest with the car motif on the rest of his body. "I don't suggest doing

•IF I REALLY CARED ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK, I WOULDN'T HAVE PURSUED ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC—I'D STILL BE PUSHING A MOP." —MIKE NESS

first in over six years. It was originally supposed to come out last fall, but Ness wanted to tinker with the record until he was proud of it. "I'm not for deadlines when it comes to creativity," he explains. "I'm not going to sing a song a day just because I'm on fucking deadline. I remember taking some time away from the studio, and then I came in and absolutely killed 'Bakersfield'—it was so much better than the prior version. Luckily I had management and a label that was 100 percent behind me, telling me that I could do what I had to do." In fact, this album marks the first time Ness has taken control of producing. "I always co-produced Social D's stuff, but this time I wanted us to do it ourselves," he says of the band, whose current lineup includes bassist Brent Harding, new drummer David Hildago, Jr. (who has a wolf tattooed on him in honor of his father, the singer for Los Lobos), and guitarist and Ness's longtime friend Jonny "2 Bags" Wickersham. Ness emerges from a stack of advertisements with a schoolboy's grin and a present for Jonny 2 Bags—a vintage vegetable crate label from the company Gay Johnny.

The treasures that Ness keeps for himself are filling up his house in northern California and starting to get on his wife's nerves, so he's building the "man cave of man caves" to house his prized possessions. When asked if it's the hunt, the haggle, the acquisition, or filling his space that drives Ness's antique collection, he contemplates the question and answers all of the above. "I like to surround myself with this stuff because it inspires me. It's another way that I express myself."

The primary way he expresses himself is, of course, music. Like his desire to dust off old, thoughtfully composed items, Ness draws on truly classic rock to inform his sound. Social Distortion is a thoroughly modern band but, as Ness admits, they draw on the sweet sounds of Johnny Cash, Hank Williams,

what I did and getting a bunch of little tattoos, because then you are stuck trying to blend them all together," he says, adding that he doesn't regret any of the ink as he puts one of his sleeves up the business end of a dusty ventriloquist dummy. He's smitten with the little guy, but age has caught up to the dummy's clothes, and its mouth doesn't move with the ease it should. Someone in his entourage says it looks a lot like the dummy on the cover of the D album *White Light, White Heat, White Trash*. Ness turns his head and the dummy's so they meet eye to eye and smiles, thinking about the hit record. Then, because some think the only time a troubadour has something to say they sing it, one of the entourage asks how *Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes* follows up from *Sex, Love and Rock 'n' Roll*. "As a person and musician, I think you need to reinvent yourself every time you put out an album," Ness says. "I don't see any album as a continuation of the next. I've fallen on hard times, and nursery rhymes are soothing. At this point I'm not grown up, but I'm not immature."

Ness decides to check in about that traffic light before hauling ass to the concert venue for sound check. Back at the antique shop, he's greeted by the dog and clerks with great fanfare; looks like someone Googled "Social Distortion" over his lunch break. The proprietor already has the light ready to go and says the owner has agreed on Ness's price. The leader of the band pulls out a wad of cash, peels off a few hundred, and hands it over. The mid-day excursion is a success.

Later that evening, as Ness and 2 Bags wail "Road Zombie," the all-instrumental track that opens up both *Hard Times and Nursery Rhymes* and their concert, the antique traffic light sits stage right, flashing an electric red, yellow, and green glow. Ness turns his back to crowd, marvels at his purchase, and mouths, "That's awesome." ■



The Social Network
(from left): David
Hildago, Jr., Mike Ness,
Brent Harding, Jonny "2
Bags" Wickersham.





INKED
GIRL
meredith devine

PHOTOS BY
MEINMYPLACE.COM

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Now, here's an argument against the Atkins diet: Nothing makes this Meredith Devine happier than a carb-loaded breakfast. Whether it's peanut butter banana French toast with a side of home fries or a New York bagel, Devine starts her day off strong. And never one to sit at the table in sweatpants with her hair pulled back, she's a sweet breakfast date.

"I always like to be well dressed and have my hair and makeup done," she says. "It makes me feel good." This affinity for fashion and beauty inform both her current gig in fashion and her upcoming plans; she's about to start classes at the Make-Up Designory school to study cinema makeup, with her ultimate goal being a job where she can work on movie sets and the runway and travel the world. Waffles in Belgium, croissants in France, danish in Denmark....

In fact, it was during a trip to Denmark that she got her first ink: "I was an exchange student and thought it would be a good place to get a first tattoo; it just had to be hidden and relevant. My Danish friends were excited

by my reaction to the freedom I suddenly had being away from my parents, so I got the word 'Freedom' tattooed across my ass."

Despite the negative response from some relatives, Devine keeps adding to her growing collection. "I want people to realize that tattoos aren't 'low-class and white trash'—they are expressions of your personality and creativity," she explains. The appointment for her next piece—a tattooed girl in a bathing suit symbolic of Devine's love of swimming—is already booked. Her good friend Mina Aoki of Daredevil on Manhattan's Lower East Side will do that one, just as she did the Native American girl on Devine's arm that represents her Cherokee heritage.

When Meredith does start becoming a world traveler, she also hopes to collect tattoos in the exotic locales she visits. "I want to make it a tradition to get tattooed everywhere I travel. Hopefully the next place I go will be Fiji or New Zealand." Wonder if the Fijians have a good local carbohydrate breakfast? —Melanie Rud



Stylist: Sara Cooper

Hair: Karmela Lozina
for Sahag Workshop

Makeup: Erica Whelan
using Nars Cosmetics

The Lake & Stars charcoal gray romper. Opposite: La Fée Verte black chiffon boy shorts and bra; VPL silver cardigan sweater; vintage crown necklace; See glasses. Pages 50–51, The Lake & Stars charcoal gray romper; Shashi stacked bracelets. Page 52: VPL shimmer bikini in rust; vintage denim vest; Shashi stacked bracelets. Page 53: Levi's cutoff denim shorts; Shashi stacked bracelets.



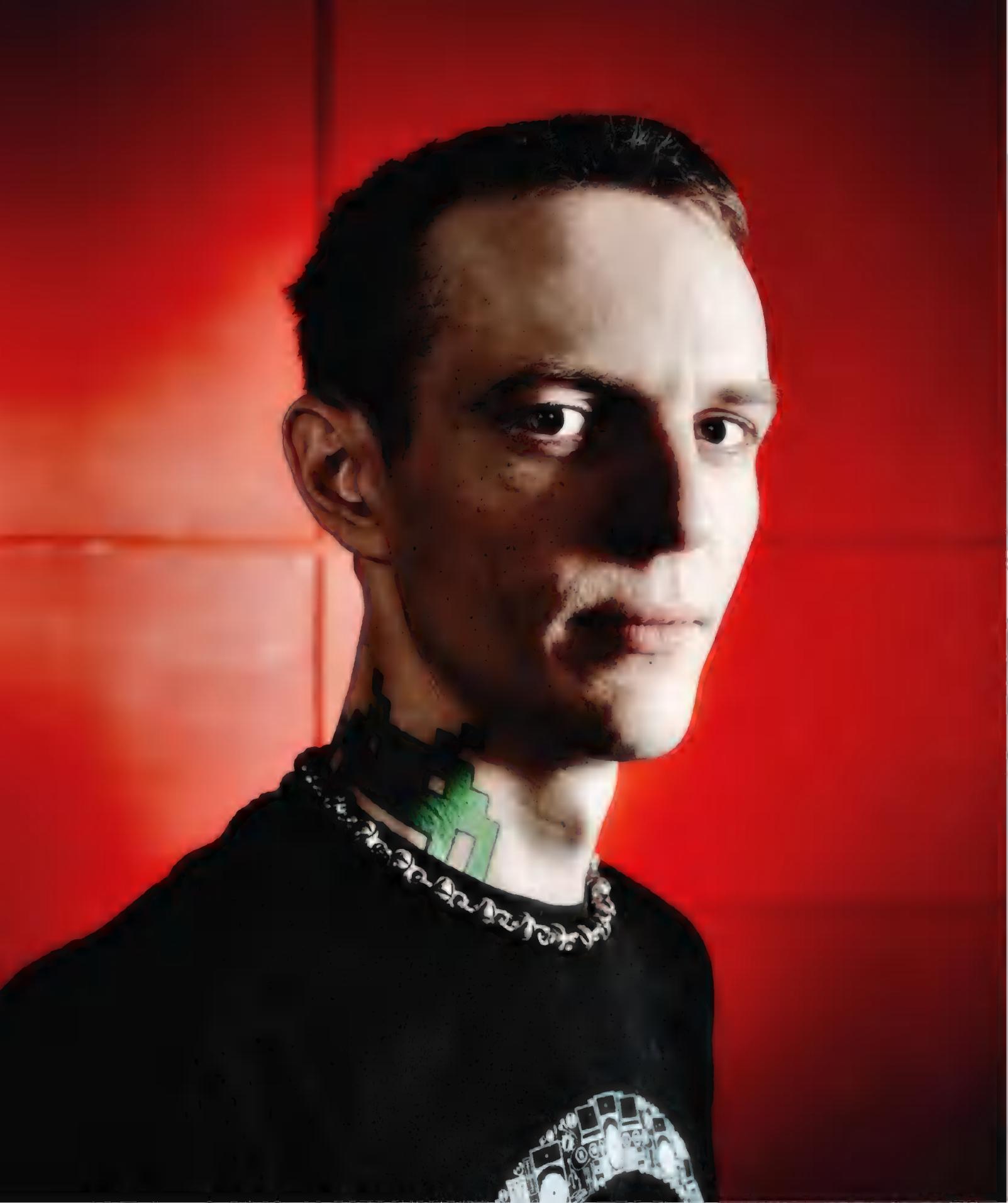
HOUSE CAT

When looking for a companion, electro-house musician **deadmau5** argues that cat people are far superior to dog people.

BY **DEADMAU5**
PHOTOS BY **DERMOT CLEARY**

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 The face of electronic music is a mouse. From underneath his giant costume head, deadmau5 produces tracks that have earned him three Juno awards, a Grammy nod, and the honor of being the house DJ for last year's MTV Video Music Awards. He also has a nice collection of ink. His most recognizable tattoo is the Space Invader on his neck, his favorites are the Zelda hearts, and he has plans to get more work from Mario Barth this year.  When any track off newest release *4X4=12* pumps through the club or house party, the crowd is going to get up and dance, so find yourself a partner—and pray she owns a cat. Deadmau5 explains why.

► **Dogs are territorial.** Say after the club you find yourself going home with someone. When you get in the front door, her dog is going to greet you and you have to spend at least 15 minutes petting the pooch and pretending to like it. If the dog is just an asshole and doesn't trust you, it's going to show it and the mood is killed.

► **Dogs are voyeurs, and they try to force threesomes.** So let's say you've earned the trust of this dog. Next thing you know it's on the couch next to you trying to get a nose in during your make-out session. Or if things progress further, the dog will either hop up on the bed or stare at you two with big, dumb eyes—either way it is mad creepy.

► **Cats aren't into rape.** Chances are, at some point during your life a dog has humped your leg. But a cat would never defile your jeans.

► **Dogs—and dog people—can be real needy.** Cats are choosy about whom they approach or let stroke them, but dogs have self-confidence issues. Dogs need everyone's adoration. If dogs were people, they would be greeters at Walmart. The reason some people get a dog is because they crave constant attention and unconditional companionship. Think about how dogs bark and whine when a person leaves the house—that's a red flag for clingy and insecure.

► **Cats are low-maintenance.** You have to bathe a dog, but cats are tidy animals—they clean themselves! What's the cliché term for something that is absolutely rank? Oh yeah, it "smells like a wet dog." Cats also go to the bathroom in a litter box, whereas a dog will piss on your floor or shit on your pillow. Who wants to sleep with someone who would put up with that?

► **Hitler had a dog.**

► **Dogs don't appreciate music.** If you toss on some beats or play something nice to set the ambience, the dickhead dog with its sensitive hearing will howl at a high note. Cats either don't care what you are playing or just really dig all music. Felines can hang. For instance, when I crank up my stuff at my place, my cat, Professor Meowingtons (he's got a Ph.D.), jumps up on my bass blaster—or should I say my huge cat vibrator.

► **Dogs need to be trained.** Naturally, dogs are douche bags, so you need to spend time breaking them of that trait. And short of the Dog Whisperer, no matter how many classes you bring them to, some dogs remain jerks.

► **All cat people are for real.** If someone owns a cat it is because they enjoy the company of the finest animal to be saved on Noah's ark (a unicorn would have been dope, though). There are the dog people out there who own canines simply for the fact that they can buy them accessories. I can't stand the girls who carry around Chihuahuas like they are handbags. Pets aren't fashion statements; they are living things. And there are guys who are guilty of this too. I see punk bitches walking their pit bulls around the tattoo shops because they think the dogs make them look hard. In the same way people who own cars to make their penis feel bigger, these dudes use mean dogs to make it seem like they are hung.

► **Old I mention that dogs are high-maintenance?** You can leave food and water out for a cat and it will be fine; sometimes Professor Meowingtons holds down the crib for a week at a time when I'm on the road. Dogs need to be walked and fed a few times a day. If you leave out 17 helpings of food, a dog will eat all of it in one furious sitting. And if you don't let a dog out, he will spontaneously combust. Dating a dog owner means that he or she has to be home twice a day, and they can sneak away whenever they want just by saying they have to go home to feed and walk their dogs.

► **Cats don't fuck with your shit.** Here's what happens when you have a dog: You toss aside clothes on the way to the bedroom, and in your refractory period you collect your things only to find that the dog ripped your boxers to threads and hid your sneakers someplace weird. A cat has no interest in your Air Jordans.

► **When it comes to cats, less is more.** The case for cats may be clear, but nobody likes the crazy cat lady. If a girl has more than three cats, then something is off there; it's not fair, but it's true. It's sort of like tattoos: I love my tattoos and I'm jealous of people who have sleeves (I'm working on it), but if someone is completely covered neck to toe, they are crazy wild—which could be a bad thing or a fantastic thing, depending on your kink. ■

EVENING WEAR

Sleep well, my friend.

PHOTOS BY THOMAS LIGGETT

JAMMY JAMS

Clockwise, from top: Old Navy sleep pants, oldnavy.com; English Laundry robe, englishlaundry.com; Seize sur Vingt pajama set (top pictured), 212-625-1620; Gap pajama pants, gap.com; Converse by John Varvatos henley, select Saks Fifth Avenue locations; American Apparel henley, americanapparelstore.com.





TOP DRAWERS

Clockwise from top left: English Laundry boxers, englishlaundry.com; Diesel boxer briefs, freshpair.com; Vans boxers, karmaloop.com; Calvin Klein boxer briefs, cku.com. Center: Toddlan trout briefs, urbanoutfitters.com.



TO CAPTURE THE ZEITGEIST OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE IN OUR CULTURE, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER WE SURVEYED TATTOOED AMERICANS ABOUT SEX. FOLLOWING ARE THE DEFINITIVE ACTIONS AND ATTITUDES OF OUR SEXUALITY.

photos by kareem black



THE
INKED
2011

2011
SURVEY

page 63

75%

OF INKED
AMERICANS'
SIGNIFICANT
OTHERS HAVE
TATTOOS

When asked if they had to either give up sex for the rest of their lives or never get another tattoo, **14%** said they would become celibate for more ink.

THE SEXIEST AREA FOR WOMEN TO BE TATTOOED:

RIB CAGE	33%
CHEST	17%
ARM	16%
UPPER BACK	14%
LOWER BACK	11%
LEG	6%
LOWER ABDOMEN	2%
NECK	1%

78%
SAY THAT
SEX
NORMALLY
OCCURS
AFTER THE
THIRD DATE.



67% have had a one-night stand.

THE SEXIEST AREAS FOR MEN TO BE TATTOOED:

Shoulder	29%	Chest	13%	Torso	2%
Forearm	19%	Leg	5%	Face	1%
Upper back	14%	Knuckles	4%		

43%

of women have e-mailed or texted a **nude picture** of themselves.

When asked what "second base" means in 2011, **65% answered oral sex.**

OF THOSE TATTOOED MEN AND WOMEN WHO WATCH PORN, **93%** NEVER PAY FOR IT.

10%

OF TATTOOED AMERICANS ONLY HAVE HAD SEX PARTNERS WHO ALSO HAVE TATTOOS.

LINGERIE TATTOOED WOMEN PREFER TO WEAR:

Thong **43%**
Panties **32%**
Boy Shorts **19%**
None **6%**
Granny panties **0%**



A woman with dark hair and red lips is shown from the waist up, looking upwards and slightly to her right. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching panties. The background is plain white.

76%
OF WOMEN
HAVE FADED
AN ORGASM.

Stylist: Ken Borochov
Hair: Elizabeth Morache using Shu Uemura for Workgroup NYC
Makeup: Kate Smith using Bobbi Brown Cosmetics
Location: Shangrila Studio
Models: Sam Mae; Talia Brooke



3% HAVE A TATTOO THAT FEATURES THE DEPICTION OF A RISQUÉ BODY PART.

THE SEXIEST TATTOOED FEMALE* CELEBRITY:

KAT VON D	31%	KATY PERRY	10%	JENNA JAMESON	4%
MEGAN FOX	22%	PINK	6%	PAMELA ANDERSON	1%
ANGELINA JOLIE	19%	RIHANNA	5%		

*David Beckham is the sexiest tattooed male celebrity by far.

8% have had an orgasm while being tattooed.

When asked if they have ever masturbated, **95%** of tattooed American males answered yes—and the other **5%** lied.

11% OF MEN HAVE SENT A PICTURE OF THEIR PENIS TO A WOMAN.

MEN SAY THEIR FAVORITE "TATTOOED LOOK" FOR WOMEN IS:

GIRL NEXT DOOR	31%
PINUP	22%
PUNK/ROCKER	19%
HIPSTER	10%
NERD	8%
BIKER	6%
CLUBBER	2%
GOTH	2%

THE MOST UNUSUAL PLACES WHERE TATTOOED AMERICANS HAVE HAD SEX:

IN A CAR	34%
IN A CEMETERY	11%
ON THE BEACH	8%
AT A SKATE PARK	6%
ON A BUS	2%
IN A CANOE	1%
OTHER	38%

27%

OF WOMEN HAVE "MADE OUT" WITH ANOTHER FEMALE.

23%

have had a threesome.

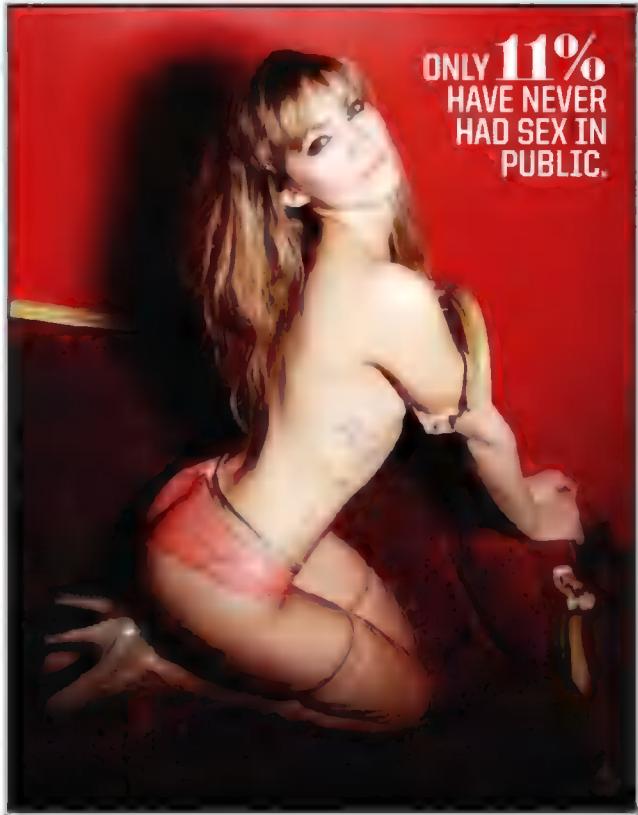
57% of guys have cheated (**3%** claim they would cheat with Michelle "Bombshell" McGee).

When asked what they look for most in a partner, **12%** said awesome ink, making tattoos more important than a well-shaped body (**9%**) and a good-looking face (**8%**).

65%

OF TATTOOED AMERICANS HAVE BEEN FILMED OR PHOTOGRAPHED HAVING SEX.

For protection/contraception of tattooed Americans: **69%** use condoms; **13%** rely on birth control pills; **11%** pull and pray; **5%** use the rhythm method; **2%** have had or have a partner with a vasectomy.



ONLY **11%** HAVE NEVER HAD SEX IN PUBLIC.



EVAN SEINFELD

We talk sex, drugs, and metal with the tattooed dynamo.

BY BRYAN REESMAN PHOTOS BY EMILY SHUR

Evan Seinfeld is hard at work. Rock star, porn star, reality TV star, emcee—he's doing it all. Once married to porn megaster Tera Patrick, he is now dating Lupe Fuentes, the hottest new name in adult films. While the heavily inked singer and bassist first made his name fronting the socially conscious Brooklyn band Biohazard—which merged metal, hardcore, and early rap into its sonic assaults—Seinfeld has also reinvented himself as an X-rated star and nightclub impresario, recently hosting The Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth convention and parties at the King Ink Lounge at the Mirage Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. He's been tattooed by major names like Paul Booth, Mike Perfetto, and Fernie Andrade, among many others. He says his look—plus some people he knew from the neighborhood in Canarsie—led him to once be detained at JFK Airport for 12 hours, being grilled about possible mob connections. He pointed out that as a Jew, the only way he'd be involved with the mob these days was if he were a lawyer.

Career-wise, he's also got four reality shows in development, along with a *Grindhouse-meets-Russ-Meyer* parody starring tiny Lupe as action heroine Super Poosey. He does video game voice-overs for Rock Star Games (including *Grand Theft Auto*), is recording a new Biohazard album with their classic lineup, is working with a new classic rock-style band called The Spyderz, and wants to create a major event combining a car show, chopper show, and porn stars. Seriously, the man doesn't even seem to sleep; when INKED chatted with him over three separate nights, it was always around 2 a.m.

INKED: How did a nice Jewish boy from a rough neighborhood in Brooklyn end up becoming a cock star?

EVAN SEINFELD: Let's talk about the old neighborhood first. Between the gentrification of the generational New Yorkers—third-generation Jews, Italian, and Irish—all moving to Long Island, New Jersey, and upstate, I don't really know the people in New York anymore. When I come home I feel like an alien. It's a bunch of people from other countries—who are welcome in America as far as I'm concerned because that's what America is, people from other places. And it's a bunch of people from the middle of America going, "This is awesome! Brooklyn represent! I love Williamsburg! We went walking around today." Everybody talks like they're black even if they're white; it's just weird to me. I feel like I don't belong.

And in porn? I've always been a hypersexual pervert. Long before I knew anything about porn, when the band had their first video camera I was notoriously using it for wrongdoing. There's always something that turned me on mentally and sexually about having sex with a girl I don't know and wanting to film it. But I never really thought about pursuing a career in it and, to be honest with you, when I met my ex-wife her life was a fucking mess. I'm like a fixer, I'm a guy who sees a problem and fixes it. I woke up one morning, and there I am in the Valley shooting porn. I loved it. Long after I fell out of love with my ex-wife, I found that I loved the business and the industry and loved the freedom. I love the fact that I run into people almost every day—even people in my own subculture, even a lot of my friends who are in hardcore bands, who are tattoo

artists or bikers, people I know in renegade punk bands or who are gangsters—that are totally shook to their core by the fact that I do porn. I love the outlaw nature of porn, and the shock value makes it like the new punk. There's nothing so crazy about playing hardcore metal anymore. There are a billion bands. So what could I do that's over the edge?

You were married to a porn star, and now you're dating a porn star—for a lot of guys that's a big fantasy. But then the flip side of that is thinking about how many other people your significant other has had sex with. Here's what I'll say about being in the porn business. In Brooklyn, I grew up fist fighting with people over things like their girlfriends. As you grow up and mature, you learn some things. First of all, you learn nobody can steal your husband or your wife or girlfriend or boyfriend. People make up their own minds. People make their own decisions. If your girlfriend fucks some other dude, you ain't got no problem with the other dude, unless he's your friend. If your girlfriend fucks some other dude, your problem is with your girlfriend. It's what she wanted to do, for whatever reason. What I've learned is that sex is sex. It's not love, it's sex. I've tried to figure it out and I think I've had sex with 6,000 girls.

We won't even try to do the math. How can you have sex with that many women and not have your dick fall off? I'm not going to say I've never had a shot in the ass.

Well then, on the flip side, does Lupe ever get jealous? I'm desperately, madly in love with Lupe,



Evan
Seinfeld
and Lupe
Fuentes



"I love the outlaw nature of porn, and the shock value makes it like the new punk."

and when I have sex with another girl it doesn't mean anything to me mentally or emotionally. It's just fun and satisfying in a male conquest, sexual kind of way. She humors me and puts up with my behavior; she's confident, and that's the biggest turn-on in the world. We have sex with girls together. Lupe likes women as much as I do—maybe even more. We're always on the prowl, and it's really sexually empowering. And then we're back to our normal life.

How is normal life? We'll be walking through Walgreens and women my age or in their 30s will look at me and smile. Then Lupe comes around the corner, and they assume it's my daughter. Then we start making out, because we make out everywhere, and the look on their faces is of horror because our society is kind of crazy.

Why do you think that is? Women are taught that if they're not married by the time they're 30, they're broken and that something is wrong with them, and that's not true. Women are beautiful at all ages. Women are beautiful in every phase of their life, and to me there is something beautiful about every woman.

Could you tell us about the crazy number of projects that you and Lupe are working on? She's starting a clothing line for sexy, petite girls. If you're 5'2" or under, or 100 pounds and under, I'll bet you have a hard time finding clothes and shoes. The ideal is to be thin and healthy, but there are plus-size stores and big and tall men's shops and nothing for really small girls—especially small, sexy girls. They usually buy kids' clothes, but they're not sexy. So out of her need, she started that.

We have a ton of adult properties. I have a porn site, rockstarpornstar.com, where you can see me having sex explicitly and unabashedly. Lupe probably has the single hottest website on the Internet for any one porn star, ilovelupe.com. She's on Howard Stern—they hit it off, and they think she's so funny. She really is funny, and it's amazing that they got it. We've gotten a lot of mainstream traction with her. She writes a column for complex.com. We just launched something together called PornstarCam-House: We shoot porn in our house and stream it live two or three days a week, all day long.

And you're doing TV too? We've got four mainstream TV shows in development, and probably the most interesting one is called *I Love Lupe*. It's really about our life, and people will probably find it interesting because she's so hot and so sweet, and I'm halfway between being this romantic, sweet guy and this abrasive New York asshole living in

L.A. The backdrop of the show is the rock 'n' roll lifestyle—the motorcycles, fast cars, the jet-set lifestyle, being on tour with Biohazard, being on tour and in the studio with The Spyderz, backstage at the strip clubs where Lupe feature dances. We go around the world together, and the show is about a love story about two people who are deep into the porn and rock worlds with an entrepreneurial spirit. Our deal is that we put our relationship first, love comes first. We could make twice the money if I went on tour in South America and she went on a strip club tour of the U.S. at the same time.

How does the new Biohazard album sound? The snare drum sounds like a fucking .45 automatic in a cement room. It sounds so nasty and abrasive. The album is very metallic. It's all tuned down to C and is heavy, heavy. I've always wanted to make an album with a big metal sound. We always got caught up—not me personally, but the other guys—in doing that hardcore thing. And hardcore sounds like shit on purpose. The new Biohazard album is so fucking heavy and so good. It's so singalong-able and brutal at the same time. But I don't think it's going to get a fair shake. My producer and my manager think if the album was released under a different name, like a brand-new band name, it would probably have 10 times the commercial success. The real fans are going to love it.

What are The Spyderz like? People say it reminds them of early Guns N' Roses or early albums from The Cult. It's got moments that are like AC/DC or early STP. It's just straight-ahead rock. The main inspiration for it was the Rolling Stones. Maybe it doesn't sound like the Rolling Stones, but the initial [place it] comes from the Stones, the Black Crowes, and some heavier bands. I hear the harmonies from Bad Religion in the background vocals, and I hear the *woah woah woahs* from The Misfits in the background. Most of the songs are two and a half to three minutes and straight to the point. When I started Biohazard, it embodied my lifestyle, which at the time was doing dumb, gangster-esque, drug-addict, Brooklyn behavior. It was true hardcore, and here I am 25 years later living in a big house with my cars and living a different kind of life. I have sex with hundreds of beautiful girls. A normal night at my house is me, Lupe, and three or four girls in the Jacuzzi. My friends will see me put something on Twitter about being in the hot tub with Lupe and mention other girls, and everyone's like, "Gee, thanks for calling me." Why would I call you? I don't need other dicks here. This is my life, this is my party, go create your own.

You're a rock star, porn star, and biker with tattoos, yet it seems like you lead a pretty Straight-edge lifestyle. I do. I had a lot of problems with drugs and alcohol as a kid. I started really young. I got deep into it, I never slammed anything, but I swallowed and smoked and snorted everything I could get my hands on. And I was often experimenting: "If we took some angel dust and some mescaline and put it in a bong with some coke and some weed and then we smoked it, we could take the residue and swallow it." I was into some dumb shit. I had a cocaine overdose on Memorial Day, May 31, 1988. I was a kid. I woke up in the hospital, and I didn't know what happened and didn't know where I was. They said I was very lucky to be alive, and I was basically scared straight. The hardest part was not stopping getting high, but it was hard for me to learn how to live. When I first stopped drinking and stopped doing drugs, I felt very socially awkward going out. How could I have fun? How could I get loose? Pretty quickly I figured out that I was an uninhibited person who was going to let it hang out anyway. I went too far in some ways.

What kind of ink do you like? I'm a fan of all kinds of tattooing. I love black-and-gray portraiture, tribal tattooing, and traditional tattooing. I've always loved those East L.A. penitentiary-looking, fine-line tattoos.

The guy who won the most awards in the [Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth] convention was from a shop called Ink Slingers in Alhambra, California—a guy named Fernie Andrade, and he's been tattooing me. We kind of go in phases. When I was a teenager I couldn't wait to be covered in tattoos. Growing up in New York, tattooing was illegal. You had to go out to Long Island to get a tattoo, and it wasn't legal in the boroughs until '96 or '97. I was already covered in tattoos by then, but [Fernie's] artwork was so inspired that I started getting tattooed again. I just got a big portrait of Lupe on my ribs.

Which spots could possibly be left? You know what sucks when you get really tattooed? All that's left are the spots that really fucking hurt. Tattooing hurts, period. Anybody who says tattooing doesn't hurt is fucking lying. They're trying to act tougher than a normal human, but as you get older it hurts more, too. All I have left are the really, really painful spots—where your lymph nodes are, your rib cage, the top of your feet—places where all the nerve endings are. About a year ago I tattooed my whole throat, and that shit hurt. I got a Jolly Roger [tattoo] because I kind of fancy myself as an urban land pirate, like "the pirate's life for me" kind of thing. I see what I want and take it. I do whatever I've got to do to get my booty. ■



ANDREA LEWIS

"I love kissing my boyfriend's stomach tattoo—it's so hot!"

PHOTO BY CHRIS FORTUNA



A

SECOND



ANOTHER
LOOK
AT OUR
FAVORITE
INKED
GIRLS.

EVA HUBER

"I think well-done tattoos are attractive, and someone who has the guts to display one shows their confidence, which is also very attractive."

PHOTO BY DIANA SCHEUNEMANN





RADEO

"Any tattoos that
flow with the natural
curves of a woman
are sexy to me."

PHOTO BY ARI MICHELS ON

IRA CHERNOVA

"The sexiest tattoo for a partner to have? I guess matching tattoos would be quite a nice idea."

PHOTO BY SHANE McCAULEY





**SAMANTHA
HUMPHREYS**

**"I definitely got a
few dates out of my
INKED Girl pictorial."**

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"Celebs are just like everyone else; they just want to get tattooed and be treated like an everyday fucker. Gill Montie once said, 'Tattooists are the only people who rock stars look up to.'"

-Baba Austin

PHOTO BY TOM MEDVEDICH

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BABA AUSTIN

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BY MARISA KAKOULAS
PORTRAIT PHOTOS BY TOM MEDVEDICH

Baba Austin has a lot of tattoo stories to tell, enough to fill an encyclopedia on the art. Like a tattooed Homer, he holds court at the many tattoo conventions he works, sharing epic tales of tattoo gang wars, the wisdom of old salts passed down to him, and the origins of certain tattoo traditions. For this interview, we asked Austin to tell stories about his own odyssey, like apprenticing under the legendary Jonathan Shaw, touring with Vanilla Ice during the musician's prime, and evading cops while executing a graffiti throw-up at the age of 43.

INKED: What was the first experience you ever had with tattooing?

BABA AUSTIN: My brother, Odie, and I used to hang around the World Famous Emporium in Van Nuys when we were around 6 years old. That was about 1973. We went to the elementary school around the corner, and the tattoo shop was on the

way home. We'd go by the shop every day and try to hang out; we'd slowly sneak in and inch our way across the wall so [the tattoo artist] wouldn't see us. One day we snuck over to see what he was doing, and he was tattooing this chick on the inside of her thigh, and she was butt-ass naked. It was the first time I saw snatch. She was this really, really



"NOW THAT I'M 43, I CAN DO GRAFFITI AND A COP CAN ROLL UP AND SAY, 'WHAT'S GOING ON?' AND I SAY, 'SOME KIDS WERE TAGGING UNTIL I CAME OUT.' AND THEY'LL GO AFTER SOME KIDS. IT'S A LOT OF FUN."



foxy—back then we used to say “foxy”—blond girl, and I was just in awe. This was the coolest thing. I think that was the start of my sex life too. We went back every day—to hopefully see some more.

You've had a long life in graffiti as well, on both coasts. Graffiti took me to New York City. The pinnacle of being a graffiti artist at the time was to have a show there. I had a show in New York. Mark Walk had bought a bunch of my paintings. I didn't know it could get any higher, but I didn't feel fulfilled. I got more satisfaction sneaking out at night and doing burners on rooftops, or my name where everyone could see it, rather than having my stuff at a gallery. I was lost. That's why I was airbrushing. I had this airbrushing career going on and hooked up with some pretty famous pop stars and made a lot of money.

So when did you come back to tattooing? At the time, tattooing was still illegal in New York City. This was around 1989. You couldn't just go into a shop. I'd go to rock clubs and see these guys with tattoos and asked them where they got them. When I was at CBGB, I saw some amazing tattoo work, so I asked, “Who did that?” They said, “Jonathan Shaw.” I had heard of him. When airbrushing, I'd go to St. Mark's Comics for reference material, and

that was the only place you could find *Tattootime* at the time. Those were Ed Hardy's five volumes of books that were really cool. I remembered seeing a piece in one of them by [Shaw]. So I open the Yellow Pages and there he was, right there in the Lower East Side. I called up and made an appointment, which was weird because I never heard of making appointments to get tattooed before. I met him on the corner of First [Avenue] and First [Street]. He told me to call him when I got there. I called, he came out and asked me, “How did you find out about me? What do you do? Where are you from?” He wanted to know about me before I even went to his shop. There was this prescreening. So I told him a bit, that I work over at Unique Boutique, that I'm a graffiti artist from L.A. And he said, “Oh, graffiti!” So we talked about that, and we talked for hours.

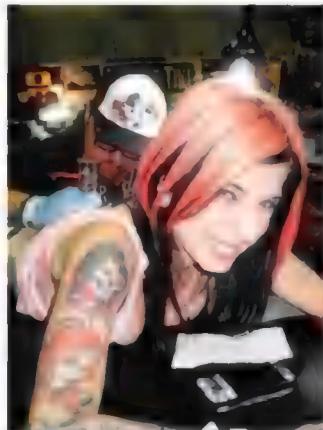
He did finally let me go to his shop, which was half a block away. The shop was this eclectic, wrong side of the tracks, scary, gypsy, shipwrecked hangout. Everything was there: dead babies in bottles, pictures of old sailors with tattoos, Day of the Dead stuff—before it got big. It had that smell, the green soap smell. The magic was all there. I knew I wanted to be there, and that was the start of me wanting to be a tattooer. So we talked about my tattoo and what I wanted to get, and then I made another appointment.

When did you start to learn the craft yourself? When I wasn't working, I was at Jonathan's. We basically became friends. I drew some graffiti designs for him. I became Jonathan's little slave. I'd keep asking, “When am I gonna learn to tattoo?” and he'd say, “Fuck off. I'm teaching nobody.” At the same time, he's teaching me about tattoo design, placement, and tattoo history. I was just learning all this stuff without even realizing it. He was teaching me how to crawl before I could walk. I wanted to just run, like anyone else who picks up a tattoo machine, but he wasn't interested in any of that. He was interested in keeping the tradition, love, and respect alive for tattooing.

Then around 1990 or 1991, Filip Leu came around and did his spot at Fun City. Filip was the same age as me but he was already an accomplished tattoo artist. He was doing this amazing shit already. Now Jonathan had a new pet project who actually tattooed. I wasn't blown off; he just moved on. And I didn't care because that's when Vanilla Ice hit me up for airbrushing and said, “Do you want to go all over the world?” Fuck yeah.

What was that like, going on tour with Vanilla Ice? That was amazing because it was at the height of his career. I did the costumes and stage sets for his tours. I worked on his movie. We did

"IT'S A GREAT HONOR THAT PEOPLE COME TO THE SHOP AND WANT US TO TATTOO THEM. I BELIEVE IN THE SAYING, 'YOU'RE ONLY AS GOOD AS THE LAST TATTOO YOU DO.' I THINK THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING."



the American Music Awards together, we did the Grammys together, we went all over, to Australia, Singapore, and Japan. All first class, limos, five-star hotels. It was amazing.

And afterward? I walked into the original L.A. Tattoo on Hollywood Boulevard. Around 1994, Mike Brown came to L.A. Tattoo and worked there. And now here is my second mentor, because Mike Brown was the king of lettering. He gave me an alphabet, and said, "When you're bored, trace this but don't do that when you're tattooing. After you trace it, make it your own." When I stopped trying to make my stuff look like his, that's when I started developing my own style. And it came natural.

What defines your lettering style? It's definitely Mike Brown-influenced L.A. script, mixed with Chicano culture that I grew up in and the way I used to spray paint. When you tag and you flare your letters, flare your can.

You also have a diverse portfolio outside of lettering. At the time I started, the neo-tribal and biomechanical stuff was coming into play. You had guys like Marty Holcomb doing fine-line fantasy, and Ed Hardy was just blowing everyone away. I saw all of this stuff I liked—I love doing traditional, I love doing fantasy, I love doing floral—I do it all because what I love is tattooing. It's a great honor that people come to the shop and want us to tattoo them. I believe in the saying, "You're only as good

as the last tattoo you do." I think this is the most important thing. If you die right after that tattoo, that tattoo speaks for your career.

Tell us about your shop, Vintage Tattoo. Me and my brother opened up Vintage Tattoo in 1995, in Burbank, then moved to Highland Park in 1998. I wanted to make a really old, traditional tattoo shop. I've been an avid collector for 20 years. I have collections of tattoo machines that go back to Charlie Wagner machines. I have 400-something machines. I have original flash from Bert Grimm, Bob Shaw, Fat George, Tahiti Felix. I have signs cut out of metal that Bob Shaw did. I made sure that anybody who has questions on tattooing can feel free to come by, and we're more than happy to answer them. And what we don't know, we want to hear. Old-timers come on by and shoot the shit all the time, and we learn more.

You have two living legends working at your shop as well. What's it like working with Tennessee Dave and Rick Walters? Well, here's a story. There used to be two [tattoo] camps: One was the Captain Jim camp. He was very crude, scary, and thug. Then there was Bert Grimm's camp. They were just as thuggish but more artistic. It was a war between them—shots through the windows and everything. Tennessee Dave was part of the Captain Jim family, and Rick Walters ran Bert Grimm's shop since the '70s. So Rick and Dave, who were sworn enemies all through the '70s and

'80s, are now best friends. They share rooms on the road together. We do 12 conventions a year with Rick and Dave all over the country. They're like a tag team, like two old ladies.

You also have a lot of celebrities coming to Vintage. Celebs are just like everyone else; they just want to get tattooed and be treated like an everyday fucker. I've tattooed rock stars like Dave Navarro, Phil Varone of Skid Row, Shifty Shellshock of Crazy Town, John Otto of Limp Bizkit, Howie Pyro of Danzig and D Generation, and lots of others. I've tattooed porn stars Joanna Angel (above), Shyla Stylez, Alexis Amore, and the model Ivy Levan. Also, actors like Frankie Muniz from *Malcolm in the Middle*; *Baywatch*'s Nicole Eggert; *Dancing With the Stars*' Lacey Schwimmer; Mollee Gray of *High School Musical*; and various Disney actors who can't be named. Gill Montie once said, "Tattooists are the only people who rock stars look up to."

What do you do when you're not in the shop? I'm always at my shop. When it's two in the morning and I can't sleep, I drive to my shop. The only time I do anything else really is when I grab a spray can. I still tag. It's funny because now that I'm 43, I can do graffiti and a cop can roll up and say, "What's going on?" And I say, "Some kids were tagging until I came out." And they'll go after some kids. Nobody thinks it's me. It's a lot of fun. And I love to spend time with my wife and kids. There's my family, then there's my shop. My shop is my mistress. ■

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Back row, from left: David Schmoe Ellwanger, Aaron B.C. Reber, Big Dave Garlitz, Dean Bodily, Jerry Roberts, Ian "Jonezy" Jones, Jeremy, Anthony Anderson. Seated from left: Nick James, Sierra K., Miss Amanda, Micaela.

LOST ART TATTOO & PIERCING

109 25th St.
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Salt Lake City, UT
lostarttattoo.com

BY LANI BUESS

PORTRAIT AND INTERIOR PHOTO
BY CHRIS JAMESON

Legend has it that Ogden, UT, a stop along the first transcontinental railroad, was too wild for notorious crime boss Al Capone. A perfect example of the city's sordid past is the 25th Street location of Lost Art Tattoo & Piercing, which is believed to be the former site of a brothel and sits atop underground tunnels that transported booze and broads during the Prohibition era. Though the tunnels have since been sealed with concrete, Lost Art's co-owner Nate Drew has a profound respect for the old Ogden—and for tattooing.

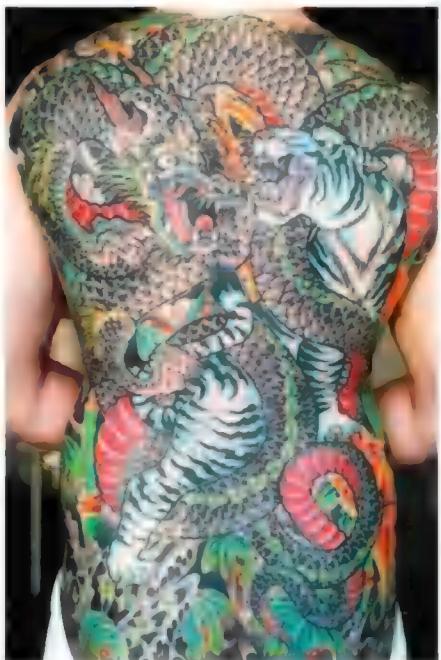
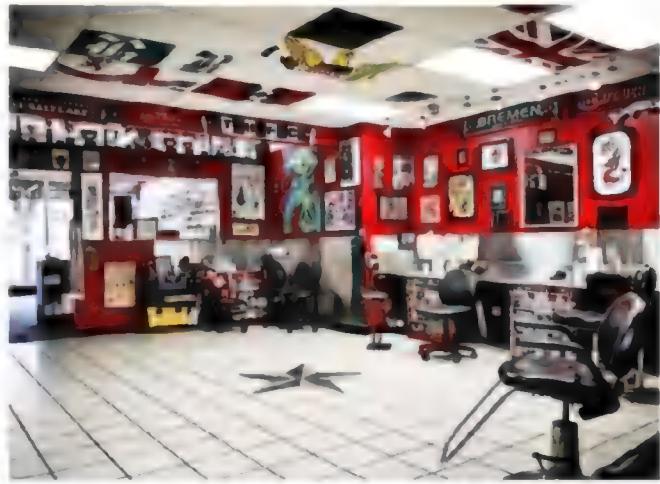
To honor the city's colorful history, Drew gave his impressive two-floor, 4,000-square-foot studio wooden floors, custom-made dark walnut stations, exposed brick walls, signage with an old-style font, and a 110-year-old front door in keeping with the quintessential Western quality. A floor hatch even leads staff into a basement crawl space where the underground tunnels once served as a safe haven for the underbelly of society that was rife with prostitution, gambling, and opium. But Drew's appreciation for history doesn't stop at the 10-year-old shop's decor. As a self-taught artist who's worked for 19 years, he brings as much

recognition to the foundation of tattooing.

While the Ogden shop is visually a jewel, his Salt Lake City studio, which has survived three relocations, is "where we get down and dirty," says Drew. "That's where the magic happens." In the basement, pigments are mixed and needles and machines are made. "I like everyone who works with us to know everything about tattoo machines and everything about tattooing," he says. "Now that you have people who make needles for you, they are so cheap. But why do you want them to make needles? Because it's the history of what we do. I think that if you want to learn how to tattoo you've got to learn how to make needles. It's sort of like a mechanic knowing every tool of his trade."

Eight years ago Drew cofounded the Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention to give local tattooers an even broader take on the industry. "I wanted to try to bring a lot of the European artists to the United States," says the tattooer. "You can go across Europe and find so many different styles that no one has ever seen."

Back in Utah, a state where conservative Mormons are the majority, the nine tattoo artists that



Clockwise from top left: tattoo by David Schmoe Ellwanger; tattoo by Aaron B.C. Reber; interior of Lost Art; tattoo by Big Dave Garitz; tattoo by Ian "Jonezy" Jones; tattoo by Jerry Roberts; tattoo by Miss Amanda.

rotate shifts at both Lost Art shops rely on nonconformists for business. "In big families with 14 or 15 kids, a couple of those are going to split out and be black sheep, and they're going to get fully tattooed and fully pierced," says Drew, who chose tattooing over art school. "And you have the [conservative] Mormons that you tattoo. I've asked them to remove their garments when I tattoo them, but they won't take them off, they wouldn't compromise."

Neither the type of clientele that enters Lost Art nor the style of tattooing matters much to Dean Bodily, the other co-owner, who started tattooing in Ogden 15 years ago. "I specialize in what walks in the door," he says. What matters most is

the mind-set. "We're all open, we push ideas and thoughts and opinions on each other so the public gets a better tattoo. The best thing about tattooing and art is that everybody has a different viewpoint on it, and when you can open up and accept all those different viewpoints and apply that, it makes for a better whole."

Specializing in anything and everything, from portraits to Japanese to traditional, Drew prefers an artistic challenge. "Dare me to do it and I'll do it," he says. "Don't threaten me with a good time." Long gone are the days when threats could easily lead to violence; it's not the Wild West, but Salt Lake City is still wild in its own way.



INKED SCENE | PROFILE



DOUGLAS BILLIAN

FROM: Divine Line Tat2

VISIT: douglasbillian.com



How did you get into tattooing? I was in the military for 10 years. Anyone in the military can tell you how much of a tattoo tends to be for many servicemen. I got out of the military, for PTSD, so at that point in my life drawing very much became therapy for me. Things just fell into place.

Do you find being an artist rewarding? The most rewarding aspect to me is when one of my customers gets a tattoo that they love and are proud of. Without my customers, I have nothing. Owning a shop next to a military base you have to pretty much be willing to do anything. The military guys will get anything from two Ws on their ass cheeks to "normal" stuff.

What do you think separates you as a tattoo artist? I think outside the box. I find myself just having fun.

I don't really have an artsy background but I am a fast learner and have been fortunate to pick the brains of some of the world's best artists.

Who has influenced your work? Mucha, Tony Ciavarro, Jim Litwalk, Nikko Hurtado, Chet Zar, Frank Lee, David Bolt. Just to name a few.

Your portraiture and cartoon tattoos are amazing. Do you prefer one over the other? I really try to bring an integration of both to the forefront. I use the best aspects from each to create an almost Pixar-esque feel to the tattoo, making the cartoon aspect more solid and dimensional, giving my artwork that feeling of realism. I think it is different from other stuff you see floating around, and I'm happy to bring something new to the table.



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inked scene | SHOP TALK

NAME: Robyn Joy

SHOP MANAGER AT: Naked Art Tattoos,
Odenton, MD

Everyone in the shop is awesome and prioritizes tattooing first and having a good time a close second. We host parties, have BBQs, attend local car shows, and hold charity events. We try to make the shop an active part of the community, something people can associate tattoos with positively rather than thinking "there goes the neighborhood."

We keep pretty busy with a steady and always rotating roster of clients. We've tattooed SWAT team members, military officers, and people who can't really tell us what they do or, you know, they'd have to kill us.

There's always something new happening at the shop. On a really windy day the guys were out back trying to turn things into kites. I offhand-
edly remarked that it was too bad we didn't have a parachute, and the owner, Chris, chimed in that actually, he did. A few minutes later I walk out back to see my husband, Josh, dangling a few feet above the ground.



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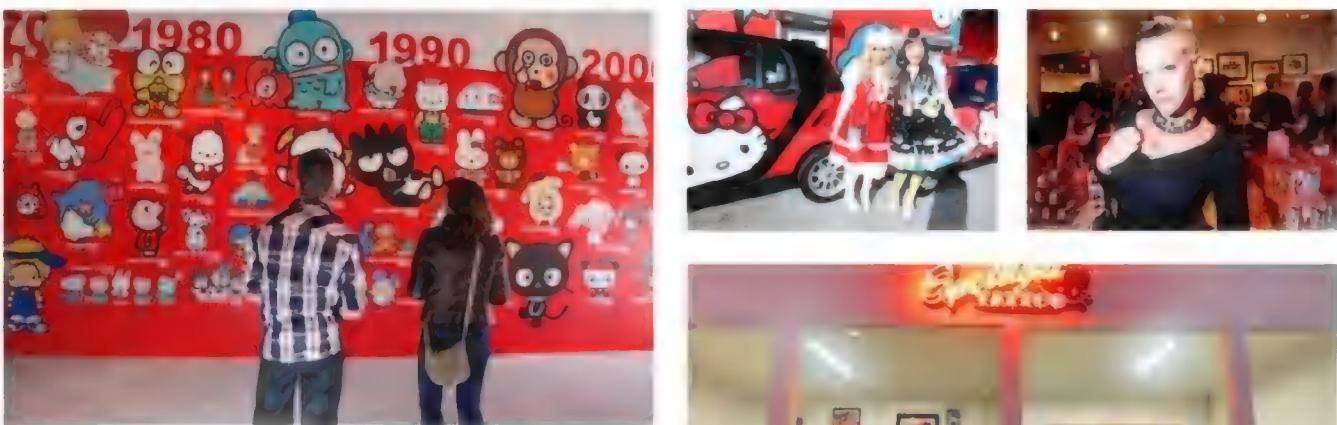


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INKED SCENE | EVENTS



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inked scene | EVENTS

INKED ART BASEL PARTY

Art Basel is considered the Olympics of the art world, where the elite descend on Miami to show the best in design innovation. Surprise, surprise—the biggest artists and art fans have tattoos, and for them INKED and Jack Daniel's threw "Peep Show," a party at Louis Bar-Lounge in the Gansevoort South. Enjoy our exhibition.

For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



A vertical poster for "La Mano Del Diablo APPAREL". At the top, the brand name is written in a stylized, cursive font. Below it, there is a large image of a woman with long, white, curly hair and a serious expression. She is wearing a black t-shirt with the words "LA MANO DEL DIABLO" printed on it. The background of the poster features intricate, swirling black designs on a warm-toned, textured background. At the bottom, there is text providing details about the collection and contact information.

A vertical poster for "Eat a Bull's". It features a white bulldog standing on the left side. To the right of the dog, there is text advertising "Dried Chicken Coated marrow bones delivered right to your dog!". Below this, there is a list of product benefits: "clean", "no preservatives", "human grade", "grain free", and "long lasting". Further down, it says "all profits donated to: AmericanBulldogRescue.org" and "a 501c not for profit charity". At the bottom, there is a close-up image of several pieces of dried, coated marrow bones. The website "www.Shop4ABR.com" and email "Jodi@AmericanBulldogRescue.org" are also listed at the bottom.

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MARINA INOUE

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"I've always drawn. Since I was a kid I've never really wanted to do anything else, and I'm very lucky that I was able to learn how to tattoo," Marina Inoue says. She's tempered her artistic eye to the canvas; when she is tattooing she goes traditional or black and gray with a whip shade, but if she is designing a T-shirt she channels '80s skater culture. Either way the work is always bold, reflecting the artist. She got her first tattoo when she was 14, "from a biker on St. Marks [in New York City]. It's a terribly scarred nautical star on the back of my neck, but I'll never get it covered up." And with that sentiment, if she were designing her gravestone, a permanent marker of herself, it would be the grim reaper with an inscription that says *Goodbye*.

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